

THE
Canterbury Guests;

OR, A

Syn b. 69. 10

BARGAIN
BROKEN.

A

COMEDY.

ACTED AT

The *THEATRE-ROYAL*.



WRITTEN BY

Mr. EDWARD RAVENSCROFT,

L O N D O N,

Printed for Daniel Brown at the Bible without Temple-Barre; and John Wallis,
at his Shop in Vine-Court, Middle-Temple, 1695.

PROLOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

I'th' latter Age, ere Criticks dar'd to Damn,
Or Censure rashly, what deserv'd a Name;
When Bully Ben lugg'd out in Cat'line's Cause,
And buff'd his duller Audience to Applause,
Then if the Poet swore 'twas good, each Guest
Believ'd the Author, and approv'd the Feast:
But now in humble Prologue, the poor-Muse
Implores your favour, and for mercy sues.
To day the ty'rd Satyr takes his rest,
And has at last himself a Fool confest:
In vain is all his Malice, or his Art,
He jerks, you grin, and damn him when you smart.
This Ag's Crimes are past good Satyres Cure,
He scarce can lash you more than you'll endure.
The busie States-man, can in a well-writ Scene
See Treason punish'd, and yet Plots again:
Young Gaming Heirs, who see poor Cully tricks,
Laugh at the Jest, and the same Night are nickt.
The London Cuckold sees his Brother Horn'd,
Yet is not by the Stage-Example warn'd.
The high kept Miss can see poor Jiltals fate,
Yet Cuckolds her kind Keeper for a Treat:
Since Headlong Folly then unbeck'd will reign,
Successful Satyr but Rebels in vain.
Our harmless Author therefore bid me say,
That ev'n Foppry goes untouch'd to day;
There's scarce a knotted Fringe in all his Play.
The stately Side-Box Beau may cock his Nose,
And Mob'd up Phillis take a Morning Dose
Of fifty Dishes at the Choc'late-House.
And when the Consort's done, the Ladies may
There entertain the Beaux till break of day,
And still pretend they for their Coaches stay.
Men of no bus'ness to the Court may come,
And Essenc'd Wigs Perfume the Drawing Room;
Where, on the Window, Fops, their Wit to prove,
Write Petty-Treason to the God of Love.
In short, whatever Crimes o'r-run the Town,
Here's none to day that are with Malice shown:
We've Plot and Humour too, but as for Wit,
Let that be judg'd by the discerning Pit.

THE
EPISTLE DEDICATORY
TO
Rowland Eyre Esq;

S I R,

IT has long been a Custom with Authors to trouble their best Friends; for, who but friends will excuse so many Impertinencies as are generally found in Dedications, and have their Names set as a Skreen betwixt our faults and the censures of the Criticks, who in this Age are so unmerciful, that they never spare the Poet for sake of the Patron, be he never so eminent or well qualify'd?

A second pretence, is a grateful acknowledgment of favours receiv'd; but there Self-Interest advances under the Mask of Gratitude and good Manners, for our thanks seem rather invitations to new Benefits. To say truth, Poets choose Patrons for their Plays, with the same design that crafty Parents do able Godfathers for their Children.

The Reasons, Sir, why I shelter this under your Name, are, because your Affability, and singular good Disposition to all Mankind, inclines you not only to pardon Errors, but to confer Obligations, which you perform with that cheerfulness and courtesie, that whom you oblige you charm. Next, Sir, from the long acquaintance and vicinity of our Families and Relations, who ever held a fair and happy Correspondence till the vicissitudes of time gave Interruption. Then let this tender of my respects and service to you, with this small trifle, receive and establish me in your Memory and Friendship, which is the aim and ambition of, Sir,

Your sincere Friend, and
most humble Servant,

Edward Ravenscroft

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

Alderman Furr.	A Citizen of London.	Mr. <i>Trafuse</i> .
Sir Barnaby Buffler.	{ A Country Knight that affects to speak Proverbs. }	Mr. <i>Underhill</i> .
Justice Greedy.	A Glutton.	Mr. <i>Bowin</i> .
Mr. <i>Lovell</i> .	A sober Gentlemen.	Mr. <i>Verbrugen</i> .
Mr. <i>Careless</i> .	{ A gay brisk Airy Gentleman. }	Mr. <i>Geo. Powel</i> .
Durzo.	A blunt Sea-Captain.	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
Dash.	{ A Country Clark and Scrivener. }	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
First Innkeeper.		Mr. <i>Mich. Lee</i> .
Second Innkeeper, and Jack Sawce a Cook.	{ }	Mr. <i>Pinkerman</i> .
Toby.	A Serving-Man.	Tho. <i>Kent</i> .

Women.

Jacinta.	{ Daughter to Al-	Mr. <i>Rogers</i> .
Hillaria.	derman Furr.	Mrs. <i>Verbrugen</i> .
Arabella.	His Niece.	Mrs. <i>Knight</i> .
Mrs. <i>Dazie</i> .	Sister to <i>Lovell</i> .	Mrs. <i>Lawson</i> .
Mrs. <i>Breeder</i> .	{ Two Wenches. }	Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .
Beatrice.	A waiting Woman.	Mrs. <i>Perrin</i> .

Three Children, Wayters, Fiddlers, Singers, and Dancers.

The SCENE, CANTERBURY.

THE
 Canterbury Guests;
 OR, A
 Bargain Broken.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alderman, Fur, and Justice Greedy.

Fur. **M**R. Justice, this was kindly done of you, to come and meet us.

Gree. Since I knew of your coming into the Country, I could not do less than ride out a Mile or two, and now, Mr. Alderman, you are welcome to *Canterbury*.

Fur. Sir, I thank you.

Gree. What! are not your Daughter and Neice light out of the Coach yet?

Fur. I bid 'em stay till we had determin'd which Inn to lodge at, where is the best entertainment?

Gree. Let me see, there is the *Three Kings*, and there the *Old Kings Head*. I protest this Riding out has got me a Stomach; I'll see which House has the best provisions, and we'll take up there.

Fur. Do so; in the mean time I'll step to the Coachman and pay him.

Gree. And order my Man to have my Horse home.

Fur. Exit.
Enter

Enter two Inn-keepers, opposite.

1 Inn. Speak in the Star there, Tapster.

2 Inn. Chamberlain, show up into the Rose, quickly.

1 Inn. Mr. Justice.

2 Inn. Mr. Greedy.

1 Inn. I see, Sir, you have a Coach full of Friends come to Town, please to let 'em be my guests, they shall have civil entertainment.

2 Inn. Sir, here they may have excellent accommodation.

1 Inn. Mr. Justice.

(They pull him by the Sleeve.)

2 Inn. Sir.

Greedy. Look you Neighbours, all favour and affection set aside, what have you to Eat and Drink, what curiosity have you for Supper, there's the point?

1 Inn. For Wine, Sir, I have such a Pipe of Canary pierc'd but this Morning——

Greedy. Right Racy Canary.

1 Inn. Three Years old, as full of Nits as the Sun is of Motes, sparkling, as t'were the extract of Diamonds.

Greedy. Say't thou.

1 Inn. 'Twill make a Cat speak, a Judge deaf and dumb; an old Man get Children, or bring a Dead Man to life again. 'Tis a flower Mr. Justice.

2 Inn. I have such a Butt of Malago, Rich Old Malago.

Greedy. Old Malago!

2 Inn. And such a Butt of Sherry!

Greedy. Sherry too, and Old Malago! there's a double blessing; let me taste——

1 Inn. Then if you are for Claret, Sir——

2 Inn. Or for White——Sir.

1 Inn. I have such——

2 Inn. Not the like in England.

Greedy. Hold, hold Friends, all this is very well, what have you not that's Eatable.

(All this Scene they turn the Justice by the Arm from one to the other, with greater violence every time.)

1 Inn. You may have Mutton——

2 Inn. Or Lamb——

1 Inn. Or Rabbits——

2 Inn. Or Chickens——

1 Inn. Or Pidgeons——

2 Inn. Some young Turkeys, Sir, some young Turkeys.

1 Inn. Or a Pig, a Pig, a delicate fat white Sow Pig.

Greedy. Pig——Pig——delicious meat.

2 Inn. Sir, I have three brace of the plumpest young Partridge.

Greedy. Young Partridge!

1 Inn. And I a brace of the rarest Pheasants.

2 Inn. Mr. Justice, I have such a rarity, such a morsel of Meat.

Greedy.

Gree. What's that, what's that?

2 Inn. I had a whole live Calf sent me from *Flanders*, and within you may see such a Chine of *Gaunt Veal*——

Gree. *Gaunt Veal!* O blessing sent from Heaven! let me go——

1 Inn. Mr. Justice.

(*Holds the*

Gree. Let me go, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Justice.

2 Inn. 'Twere Treason to let you go, without acquainting your worship.

Gree. Bear witness, he assaults me in the Highway.

1 Inn. That I have half a dozen of the finest largest *Bruges Capons*, that were ever sent a present into *England*.

Gree. *Bruges Capons!*

2 Inn. They were fed with Marrow, Amber Greece, and blanch'd Almonds.

Gree. Let me down on my knees and give thanks,—I am in the Land of *Canaan*.——O Bounty,—bounty,—bounty.——

1 and 2. Get up Sir.

Gree. Which way shall I turn me.

1 Inn. This way Sir.

2 Inn. Here Sir.

1 Inn. This way Sir.

2 Inn. Here Sir.

1 Inn. Here's the *Gaunt Veal*.

2 Inn. Here the *Bruges Capons*.

Gree. Stand off, let me go, let me go, O *Gaunt Veal*, (*Runs out way:* veal, veal——O *Bruges Capons*, capon, capon, (*Runs t'other way.*

O Veal——O Capon, Capon, O Veal. (*Runs too and fro, several times.*

Re-enter Alderman Furr.

Fur. What's the matter, what's come to you?

Gree. They have undone me,——I starve in the middle of plenty. I know not which to choose; A pox on you, joyn both your Houses together, O Capon! O Veal!——O Veal!——O Capon!

1 Inn. Sir, I have this day come down by the *London Coach*, a basket of your little round Marrow puddings.

Gree. What, your white puddings, made of Marrow and Almonds?

1 Inn. They'll melt in your Mouth Sir——

Gree. *London Marrow puddings*,—the scales are turn'd; and now Mr. Alderman, let's in and feast like Epicures, *Gaunt Veal*—and Marrow puddings.

Fur. Come let's have Supper in good time.

2 Inn. You shall Sir.

(*Ex. Fur. Greed. and 2 Innkeepers.*

3 Inn. A pox of those Marrow puddings, I have lost my Guests, but it pleases me to think how the hungry Justice will scold when he finds none of those dainties, for we both lyed abominably. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Toby, and speaks to the Alderman as he returns from the door.

Tob. Sir, I suppose you may be Mr. Alderman *Furr*.

Fur. Furr is my name, your business friend.

Toby. My Master, Sir *Barnaby Buffler* greets you; he sent me before to wait your coming, and to let you know, he will in few hours hence be in Town.—the farther particulars of his mind you'll understand from this———

(Gives him a Letter.)

Fur. I am glad he will be here to night.

Toby. Sir, my Master's mightily pleas'd with the thoughts of Marrying your Daughter; he talks of nothing but her all day; she'll be very happy if she can but away with some small faults.

Fur. I have taught her Obedience, and she that is so to a Father, will be the same to a Husband.—He's Rich.

Tob. Right Sir, now I have delivered you your Letter, I'll observe my Orders, and give this to your Daughter.

Fur. I'll send her to you, whil'st I read my Letter. *Jacinta. Ex. Fur.*

Tob. Strange humour in Parents, to enslave their Children for wealth.—The estate and not the Man is now regarded.

SCENE III.

Enter Jacinta, Hilaria.

Jac. Pray thee, cousin, leave me not in this extremity.

Hil. No, no, come, where is the Elquire to this Knight Errant.

Tob. By me, Sir *Barnaby Buffler* commends this to the fair hands of Madam *Jacinta*.

(Jacinta takes the Letter.)

Jac. Are you his Servant.

Tob. I am faithful Servant to your humble Servant, and the Person designed for your Husband, he desires all things may be in readiness to night, that the Marriage may be solemnized to Morrow morning.

Jac. His message seems to imply a command.

Tob. He's a Person not to be thwarted nor instructed, for when he has once sayd the word———hum,———

(To Jacinta.)

Hil. This *Buffler's* but a foolish kind of a name, come friend, be frank with us, and let us know a little more of his hu-

(To Toby.)
mour,——

mour, ——— but first what manner of person is he?

Tob. Ah, a Spark of the times; a brisk blade of a about Fifty five Years of Age, who to cool the intemperance of his Youth, ——— resolves forthwith to take the Sovereign Remedy, a Wife.

Hil. Make haste and let us see the Letter, for if he be a lover of that Age, his stile must be very amorous and pleasant; for nothing's more ridiculous than an old Batchelor in Love, or to set up for a Beau.

Tob. You'll find it a very extraordinary Letter.

Jac. Did he read it to you.

Tob. With a very cheerful countenance.

Hil. Since he is his Confident, read it out.

Jacinto reads the Letter

Jac. **M**Y Child, I have an Estate in two Courties, I am Lord of three Manners, I have One Thousand Five Hundred Thirty Six Pounds Thirteen Shillings and Four pence Half penny Rent, besides Pepper Corns; and Esquire Careless, my half and only Brother, is my next Heir; if I Die without Issue. I am told that in Marrying you, I may get as many Children as I think good; prepare therefore against to morrow, in order to the first; as for the rest, we'll think of them at leisure. Consider you lodge at an Inn, therefore be not seen but in a Masque, that it may not be said you appeared in publick places amongst strangers, for methinks already I begin to be concerned for your Honour, and that you ought not to be seen without my leave.

Jac. This Knight must be some strange Monster.

Hil. This fellow's of a Complexion to tell all. Well friend, ——— you say your Master is elderly, but as to his Person.

Tob. Why, pretty bulky ——— but lusty and Heartwhole.

Hil. The caution in his Letter, shows him of a Jealous humour.

Tob. If he be jealous of his Wife, as he is of his Money, the Devil shan't get her out of his clutches.

Hil. And obstinate.

Tob. As a Bitch that has Puppies, When you bid her come off her litter, he'll have his humour, tho' the Devil stood at the door.

Jac. And how must a Wife deal with all these good qualities.

Tob. To tell you my mind, in short, I e'en pity you, that so handsome a young Lady should be Married to a gross Curmudgeonly old fellow, with whom you can never enjoy a minutes happiness; in hopes to be left a rich Widdow.

Hil. You speak honestly.

Jac. How miserable shall I be made.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Alderman Furr.**Fur.* Well, have you done your Message according to order ?*Tob.* I have said my say, and now I'll go acquaint my Master.*Fur.* The Bells ring to Prayers——Put your selves in order, and go to the Cathedral. By that time——your intended Husband, Sir *Barnaby*, will be here, at present he's busie with the [*Toby Exit.* Attorney, to get the Writings drawn according to our agreement, that all things may be in readines against to morrow Morning, the time prefixt for the Marriage.*Jac.* Sure, Sir, if you lov'd me, you'd not be so hasty to part with me.*Fur.* 'Tis the great care and love I have for you, makes me solicitous to see you well disposed of: There ends a Father's care, for when he gives a Daughter in marriage, 'tis suppos'd he gives her to more than a Father; for such is a Husband. Husband and Wife are one.*Hil.* That Rule, Uncle, won't hold in Arithmetick, for according to the first Principle, one and one, make two.*Fur.* Mad-Cap Niece, meddle with your own matters—Let me see——*Hil.* Nay, Uncle, ne'r put on your Considering-Cap for an Answer; what I say is true, and I'll give you a farther demonstration that Man and Wife are not one: For in this Age they are seldom or never together, the Man's in one place and the Wife in another; as far asunder as ever they can get: And you know 'tis impossible for one and the same thing, to be at the same time in several places.*Fur.* She has a very unhappy Wit; I am glad, Daughter, that you are going from her, for she's enough to spoil all the young Women she meets with: But I hope she'll have a Husband will meet with her.*Hil.* Never of your choosing, Uncle.*Fur.* Likely so, for you're hair-brain'd enough to do things of your own head.*Hil.* Do you think, Uncle, I han't as much Wit to choose a Husband as you?*Fur.* Well, well, follow your own course; but I hope you'll get a Husband one day will cudgel your bones for you.*Hil.* But, Uncle, it is not now as it was in your young days; Women, then, were poor sneaking Sheepish Creatures, but in this Age we know our own strength, and have Wit enough to make use of our Talents;

Talents : If I meet with a Husband makes my Heart ake, I'll make his Head ake.

Fur. I am apt enough to believe, one House will be too hot to hold you long : I doubt not but your Husband (whoever shall have the ill fortune to be so) will in a short time be as weary of you as I am.

Hil. Shou'd he prove but half so ill natur'd as you are (which certainly no young man can) I'd swear my self a Virgin, and consequently sue out a Divorce against him for impotency.

Fur. Come, Niece, leave your unluckiness, and now I have brought you down for company, don't employ your Wit to teach my Daughter disobedience.

Hil. These old Fornicators keep such ado with Obedience —

Fur. Go, get you gone to Church — —

Hil. To Church, or any where, to be rid of an old man.

Fur. Go, go, I have other business than to mind your tittle tattle.

Hil. Farewel, Nuncle — Teach my Grannam to — — — Spin.

Jac. Thou art a mad Wench to talk so. [Fur Exit.

Hil. Pish — I'd have Women say, and do what they list ; Have not we rational Souls as well as men ? What made Women mopes in former Ages, but being rul'd by a company of old Men and Women ? Dotage then was counted Wisdom, and Formality call'd Gravity and good Behaviour.

Jac. What would you advise me to in this extremity ? I shall never love this Knight.

Hil. Let him know your mind, and if he won't believe you he's an unmannerly Fool ; And there's an end. Come Wench — [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Enter Lovell and Toby, meeting.

Tob. O here's my Master : Sir, they are come, I have deliver'd the Letters.

Lov. My Sister and I then will give them a visit presently ; whilst she holds the Old man in discourse, I'll upbraid *Jacinta*.

Tob. 'Tis fore against her will — But you'll have a better opportunity — for in my hearing the Alderman bid them go hear Prayers at the great Church, 'twill not be long ere they come this way.

Lov. Haste then to our Inn, acquaint my Sister they are come, and tell her the occasion of my stay. — [Toby Exit.

Here's one not in Love — — he's so merry.

SCENE VI.

Enter Careless, humming a Tune.

Carel. Ha ! Is not that my old Friend — *Frank Lovell* ?

Lov. *Careless* ! — who thought to have met you at *Canterbury* after eight years absence. How fares my friend ?

Carel. Well in health and mind : In Pursue too, I hope.

Lov. Where have you been all this while ? What Country has held you ?

Carel. All Countries, and sometimes no Country ; for I have been most of the time at Sea.

Lov. At Sea !

Carel. I'll tell thee in short——Coming, at the Death of my Father, to a Mortgage'd Estate, and I too extravagant to recover it, went a Volunteer to Sea, aboard one of the King's Frigats ; when our Fleet return'd I went aboard the French, then the Dutch, and so from one Fleet to another, till I touch'd upon most of the known Coasts the Christian World Trafficks to. By this time I hope my Estate is disincumber'd, and I am free in the World.

Lov. Prudently done, and now you are grown a stanch sober man.

Carel. I have not parted with one grain of my old humour, I am as wild as ever, only I have learn'd to Sin at cheaper Rates. But what's more material, let me know what's become of thy elder Brother—is he Dead yet, and you in possession of the whole Estate ?

Lov. No, he lives ; and what is worse, now in his Old Age is going to marry.

Carel. Bring me to him, I'll Drink him Dead.

Lov. If the Drink were Poyson, 'twould scarce have time to work. To-morrow is the prefix'd day, unless prevented by Stratagem : My Sister and I, by his Gracious Letters, are invited down to his Wedding.

Carel. Lives the Lady here in *Canterbury* ?

Lov. At *London*——But he durst not venture thither for fear of Expences——and that after Marriage——his Wife shou'd be buying fine Coaches, Beds, and Furniture.

Carel. Prudently consider'd.

Lov. This therefore was the appointed place to meet at ; her Father and he have treated by Letters this Twelve-month, but a Nights Courtship must serve the Lady : He marries her in the morning, and the next day removes to his Country House.

Carel.

Carel. Which must be her Monument— for there she'll be buried alive !—— Is she likely to have Children ?

Lov. Young and handsome.

Carel. That's bad——

Lov. But what's worse, she's the only Woman I ever did, or can love. But my discourse is unseasonable—— Let me know your Inn, I'll visit you at Night, and tell you all.

Carel. Whither are you now going ?

Lov. The party I have been speaking of, is going to Church, and I take this opportunity to discourse her.

Carel. 'Tis gone too far—— Let thy dull Elder Brother take her, you shall along with me—— I'll show you a Companion worth forty Mistresses.

Lov. What is he ?

Carel. An honest Tarpaulin—— The Son of an *English* Renegade: He was born a Ship-board, and never was ashore beyond a Sea Port Town—— except up in the Countries amongst *Indians* and *Spaniards*, to Ravage, Burn, and Plunder, for he has been a *Buccanier* from his Infancy.

Lov. His Employment disgraces not his Parentage.

Carel. Stout he is and brave—— and that temper has inclin'd him to leave that hellish Crew, and employ his Valour in the Service of his Father's Native Country : He brings with him sixty thousand Crowns, and doubtless will have good Employment—— for from Captains of Ships, and Governors of Plantations, the King has heard much of his Valour—— Come, you shall drink a Bottle, or a Bowl of Punch, with me and the Captain.

Lov. Were I going to any one but a Mistress.

Carel. Pox o'thy Mistress ; if thou wert going to a Wench I might excuse you—— but I should think my self curs'd, should I content thou shouldst solicit any Woman in the way of Matrimony.

Lov. Will you never leave this lewd wild humour ?

Carel. Not upon the score of Matrimony. Why, *French*, I'll tell thee, I am now like a Calf in the Fens, that straggles every where, and feeds where I like best ; but should I marry, I shou'd be tether'd to one spot of Ground ; at best, be confin'd to an Enclosure.

Lov. The Horse that is loose often falls into a foul Ditch, or is put in the Pound for straying in his Neighbours Ground : Marriage is honorable and safe.

Carel. It wou'd be so if all Wives were honest : I'll undertake a Mistress shall love thee twice as long as any Wife thou can't find. Nothing choaks Love like the Surety of Possession : Love is an excellent Meat, but Marriage an ill Sauce. Were I going to *Tyburn*, I wou'd cry, drive on Carman, and choose to Sing a Penitential Psalm at the Gallows, rather than return to say, *For Better for Worse*.

Lov. Atheists in Love, like Zealots in Religion, are not to be reclaimed by Argument, yet now and then are converted by some lucky accident, you may one day see a beauty, that like a burning glass shall draw all thy loose flames within a narrow compass.

Carl. Beauty is more brittle than the glass you talk of, and Man's estimation of it less durable. I may perchance Love only one at once; but not that one always; and whilst I am in my right wits, I will not leave delightful variety, for the unfavoury insipid bitts of Constancy.

Lov. Well, *Jacinta* has a Kinswoman for her Companion, so beautiful, her Eyes would fix your wandering thoughts, and make you abandon all Women for her sake.

Carl. So thinks the devout young Novice, newly enter'd into his Cloisture; he has no sooner forsaken the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, but imagines he is able to make the greatest Debauchée, in Love with Mortification.

Lov. My mind at present is not compos'd enough, to return an answer to every thing you urge; but venter your self with me into her company, and if ever you return the same Man——

Carl. I know my self so well grounded in Sin, and have tasted so much the sweets of wickedness, that I dare venter my self into any temptation to the contrary; and to see this miracle, will suffer my self to be seduc'd into civil company, and if they do debauch me——

Lov. Come then.

Enter Toby

Tob. Sir, Madam, *Jacinta* and her Cousen went out the back way, but I believe Prayers were almost done,——— for they return already.——— See yonder, they come with their Masks on. I know their Petticoats.

Lov. Retire——— whilst I discourse one, do you detain the other, to give me opportunity; these are they———

SCENE VII.

Enter Jacinta, Hilaria.

Carl. Accost thy own natural, and leave me to manage the other impertinent.

Lov. My Heart's my guide,——— stay *Jacinta*, take off your mask, and let me see if your Face is as much alter'd as your Heart. Do you fly me,——— but I'll pursue you, as { *Jac.* } *Exit.*
a Ghost does the guilty Murderer. { *Lov.* }

Carl. If you have lost your Tongue too, ye are a blessed pair,——— so: were it not for your Tongues, you Women would all be Angels.

Hil.

Hil. Da-da-da-

(*Hil. strives to run out by him.*)

Carl. Nay, nay, you are not to pass so, I am resolv'd both to hear and see you first.

Hil. Well, what would the Man be at?

Carl. The Man's at what he would be, he's at you.

Hil. What do you mean?

Carl. Faith I can't resolve you till I see your Face; pull off your Mask, and then I'll tell you what I mean.

Hil. Suppose I won't.

Carl. Than I shall suppose you very ugly,—— for I never knew a Woman that had a handsome Face, could endure to hide it.

Hil. Yes, if she likes not her Company.

Carl. Yet she'd have her company like her; I trust more to a Woman's pride, than her Love or good Nature; for tho' they are ugly, they think themselves handsome, and wou'd be thought so by others.

Hil. Why then do they maintain the humour of Vizard Masks?

Carl. Because under them they Sin conceal'd. I'll avouch, Vizard Masks ruin more Women's Virtues, than all the Bawds in the Nation.

Hil. Your Reason for that, good Mr. *Voucher*.

Carl. Under the Vizard, the Wife goes to the Play, Ball, or Masquerade, undiscovered to her Husband; the Maid unknown to her Mistress; the Daughter or Neice, unperceived by her Relations; the Mask draws the Gallants, and tho' at first you come but out of curiosity, to hear what Men will say, our quick Repartees, our gentle Bawdry, and brisk raillery, tickles your Ears; your bodies are Buxome, your Bloods grow wanton, your fancy strikes firmly on some Man or other, the Gallant grows importunate, and you are Conquer'd.

Hil. Do you find them so frail?

Carl. A Woman's Ear is the Outwork to her Chastity, lodge your self but there, and the Fort is more than half taken; when once a Woman hearken to what you say, she'll soon do what you'd have her.

Hil. Then you take a Parley for a Surrender.

Carl. No, but after a Parley they soon yield.

Hil. Now I have a mind to stay and talk with you, but must be forc'd to leave you, to avoid your ill Opinion.

Carl. Nay, if you have a mind to't, you'll do't, let me think what I will; and if you won't pull off your Mask, I'll e'en begon and leave you——fare you well.

Hil. And fare you well.

Carl. Nay, if you look o're the Shoulder at me, I'll turn again, for you have no mind I should begon, I'm sure.

Hil. Why did you look back at me?

(*Turn from each other, and look back o'er their Shoulders.*)

Carl. To see —

Hil. If I would look at you, and so we e'en caught one another; and what can you say to me, that I can't retort on you again.

Carl. But I'll be judg'd by your self, if I have not more Reason to think you desire my stay, than I yours; you have a full sight of me, see what I am, and know whither you like me or not; you are all Vizard, Scarf, and Petticoat; for ought I know, you may want a Nose, set of Teeth, be Squint-Ey'd, or blobber Lip'd.

Hil. You'l make me as ugly as the Devil, am I not cloven footed, think you?

Carl. I'll tell you that presently.

(Offers to look at
her legs.

Hil. Nay, —

Carl. A handsome Leg and Foot, I'll be sworn; and here's a well shap'd Hand and Arm, and what Breasts are here, how round and plump.

Hil. Hands off, your enquiry begins to grow troublesome.

Carl. If you have a Face and Features, answerable to your Limbs, y'are a prime piece of Woman's flesh.

Hil. Do you think I have?

Carl. Gad do I.

Hil. Than to keep your good Opinion, I'll be gone, and you shan't see't. Nay, nay, no attempts — hands off.

(Offers to pull of
her Mask.

Carl. I have sworn to see't.

Hil. And I have sworn you shall, but stand at greater distance, farther, farther yet, see —

(Hil. gets her back
close to the door,

Carl. Excellent Creatute!

Hil. Fare you well.

pulls of her Mask,
and runs off.

Carl. Ha, are you so cunning; she's gone.

by her wit I did not think she had had so good a Face; for wit and beauty seldom go together, in a Woman, she has a large stock of both, and I could wish my self in Bed with her; but the thoughts of her are momentary.

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Lovel.

Lov. False, faithless Woman.

Carl. Prythee think no more of her, come now go with me and be merry, we'll have Women in abundance.

Lov. Hang 'em Jilts.

Carl. No, such Women as your Mistrifs is, are more like Jilts, those I mean are good Conscionable Girls, that will not let you spend your Money.

Money for nothing, with the others you wast your Gold and time, and at last like young Heifers, when they come to be milk'd, spurn at you in defiance, and away they frisk.

Lov. Ah *Jacinta*; can a Father's word outweigh a Lover's vows.

Carl. Damn this pining, whining, puling, peaking, sneaking, sniveling Love; I'll carry you where you shall see, merry, gay, jocond, sprightly Love; thou shalt have it in Armsfuls, and dilate thy self in pleasure.

Lov. I shall be no company, my Soul is out of tune.

Carl. We'll have Musick, Wine, and Women, to divert you: yet in spite of all the Sex,

I'll keep my Soul free, as the Bird that flies i'th' Air,
And ne'er Love one, till I of all the rest despair.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Hilaria, Jacinta, and Careless on the other side the stage.

Hil. 'TIS a fine Evening, Cousen, and I love to look about me.

Carl. Ha! these are they.

Jac. Here comes Mr. *Lovels* Friend.

Hil. We'll stand him bare fac'd.

Carl. Now, which is she that I am in Love with?

Jac. He's at a stand.

Hil. He'd fain know me again; but prithee take up a brisk humour, and let's try to puzzle him.

Jac. No, prithee let's go in.

Carl. What are you upon the Wing, or do you come out a grazing like Rabbits, just at the Burrow's mouth; that as soon as any body comes, you may pop into your holes again.

Hil. We had need be watchful, when such pochers as you are abroad.

Carl. Your Watchfulness signifies little; I come now like a Ferret to creep into your holes, and scare you out of your Burrows.

Jac. But if instead of a Burrow, you should run into a Warrenner's trap.

Hil. And that you may easily do, for we are no out-lying Conies, we keep within heart of the Warren.

Carl. Ay, but I know your Mufes, your inlets and outlets, and wherever the Rabbits pass, the Ferret or Weefel may venter. You see

I come just to the same place ; 'twas here you popt in from me before ; But now I am got between you and the hedge.

Jac. But how do you know, that we are the same pair ?

Hil. And which of us is it, that was too nimble for you ?

Jac. You had best have a care on which you venter, for in such cases, you ought not to spoyl your friend's game.

Carl. 'Tis one of you.

Hil. I see you are no good hound ; you can't follow the scent well.

Carl. Many a good nos'd Dog is at a loss, when the scent is cross'd ; but if I catch one, and my friend the other ; if we are mistaken, let him say which is his, and we'll make a change.

Jac. But which of us two do you think would fall to your share ?

Carl. Y'Gad I don't know.

Hil. Don't you know a Woman's Face, when you see't a second time ?

Carl. She show'd it with such a Legerde-main ——— her Mask was no sooner off, then on again, and she was gone.

Jac. Observe us well.

Carl. Let me see ——— Faith not I, ——— if you had your Masks on, I should know her from a Thousand, at the very sight of her Vizard, my Heart would go pit-a-pat.

Hil. If you are so in Love with the complexion of Velvet, you should have a Negro for your Mistress.

Carl. There is beauty in black, why else do Ladies put on patches, and some love black Hair better than light, and why not black Faces as well.

Jac. But you'd be for a white one at this time, if you knew which was under the Vizard you like so well.

Hil. I am glad he does not, for than he'd pretend Love to one of us.

Carl. Gad but I wou'd not to you, nor e'er a Woman in the World.

Jac. I dare swear you wou'd.

Carl. Perhaps I might make you believe I was in Love with you.

Jac. No, that you cou'd ne'er do.

Carl. Why, don't you think your selves handsome enough to be lov'd.

Jac. Yes ; but we think you have more Wit.

Carl. What, than to Love one of you ?

Hil. Yes, or any body else, that is ne'er like to Love again.

Carl. Are you an Enemy to me, or to Love ?

Hil. To Love ; I think it a very foolish thing.

Carl. But 'tis Marriage makes it so, give me Love as nature made it, free and unconfin'd — observe but Mistri's and Gallant, how brisk, how gay, how fierce they are in their Amours ; whilst Marriage-Love comes like a Slave, loaden with Fetters, dull and out of humour.

Hil.

Hil. For my part, I am rather for a Gallant, than a Husband.

Jac. So am I clearly——

Carl. 'Tis well dissembled on one side; one of you I am sure speaks against her Conscience; but if you are as you say, y'are Girls for me.

Jac. What both——

Carl. Both, I gad both.

Hil. Hold, one's enough, and if you'll be a Gallant to one of us, we expect you shou'd be constant.

Carl. That circumstance makes it too like Marriage.

Hil. The constancy is while you pretend; nor but that either Mistresses or Gallants may choose elsewhere, but they must love but one at once

Jac. But which of us will you choose?

Carl. Faith I'll be for her I talk'd to in the Mask.

Hil. Well Sir, when you find which of us two is she; claim her for your Mistress.

Carl. Adieu.

Hil. Come *Hilaria*.

(*Ex. Jac. Hil*

Carl. Ha *Hilaria*! I faith that's she, but they are gone in; *Jacinta* I remember is the name of *Lovel's* Mistress; till now I fanci'd the other was she, because more brisk and airy. Well I'll find out *Lovel*, and we'll give 'em a visit.

(*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Justice Greedy, and First Innkeeper.
Greedy, with a Cane striking.

Greedy. Sirrah; Dog.

1 Inn. Sir, I beseech you.

Greedy. Rogue, I'll break your bones.

1 Inn. Mr. Justice, Sir, and please your worship,——do but hear me.

Greedy. I cannot hear of Mercy, Hunger cries louder against thee for Vengeance.

2 Inn. Have moderation Sir, in your Anger,——Justice has a scale for Mercy, as well as Rigor.

Greedy. Dost thou see villanous Host, I am so weak and faint for want of Eating, I can hardly follow thee.

1 Inn. Sir, on my word you shall have an excellent Supper.

Greedy. But disappointment Sirrah,——didst not thou prate to me of *Bruges* Capons, Marrow puddings, and——

1 Inn. That was only and please your Worship to out-lie my Neighbour.

hour, he had no *Giant* Veal, and please your Worship ——— nor —

Greed. O! shall go into a Consumption, Sirrah! my fancy has mounted Constellation height, ——— I supped Jelly from the Stars in conceit, and now must I be content with dry Mutton and Rabbit? ———

Inn. I'll make amends to Morrow, Sir, at the Wedding Dinner, I'll send Man and Horse round the Country to pick up dainties.

Greed. But I have longings, Sirrah, I have longings more dangerous than a Womans with Child. O! I have wamblings in my Stomach.

Inn. What thinks your Worship of a glass of Canary, ——— I have a Flower.

Gree. Do, do, bring'r, or I shall faint.

Inn. And to enable you till Supper, a slice of potted Venison.

Greed. Ay, ay, for I am like a Mud Wall falling to decay; I want patching up.

(*Inn. Exit*)

SCENE III.

Enter Alderman Furr.

Fur. Mr. Justice, whilst I have leisure, let me desire the favour of you, to take the care of providing and ordering a handsome entertainment against to morrow. Spare for no cost.

Greed. That's well, that's well.

Fur. Let every thing be in the best manner, I leave it wholly and solely to you.

Greed. Both as to quantity, ——— quality, ——— manner, ordering, dressing, and every thing?

Fur. Every thing! ———

Greed. Without Molestation, ——— Contradiction, ——— or controul?]

Fur. Absolutely and entirely.

Greed. I love to understand the extent of my Commission, now am I Lord over the Boyl'd, — Bak'd, and Roast.

Re-enter Innkeeper. With a Bottle and a Plate.

Inn. Mr. Justice, please you to taste?

Greed. Mr. Alderman, my service to you; special (Drink and
Canary, ha! this Venison has a good smack with't. Ay, Eats.
this is a fit relish to recover a balk'd Stomach.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Sir, here's some Gentlemen and a Lady enquire for you.

Fur. Oh our Friends are come! Show 'em in; and call down my Daughter.

(*Ex. Jane.*)

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter to them, Sir Barnaby Buffler, Mr. Lovel, and Dashwel, with a black Box, and a Rowl of Parchment under his Arm, with Pen and Ink, banging at his Girdle, and Arabella after.——

Sir Barnaby, you are welcome.

Sir Bar. I thank you Mr. Alderman, *A good welcome is the best Dish at a Feast.* This is my half Brother, and this our Sister.

Fur. Sir your Servant—Madam give me leave—(*All salute each other.*

Greed. Your Servant Sir, Sir your Servant, Madam your humble Servant.

(*Greed. speaks with his Mouth full, and wipes it with the back of his Hand to salute Arabella.*)

Fur. Here's my Daughter, Sir Barnaby bids you welcome.

Sir Bar. *He comes well that comes to a good end,* —— Lady, your humble Servant, and faithful Husband, till death us part.

Jac. Your Servant Sir.

Sir. Bar. And now Father-in-Law—tho I never saw you before, yet we understand one another by letters, —— therefore let's fall to the matter, and spare complements.

Fur. Ay, Sir Barnaby, no matter for ceremony amongst Friends.

Sir Bar. No, for Ceremony, is the Wiseman's scorn, the Fools delight, and the Idleman's business.

Fur. Ay, Sir Barnaby, I am for down right dealing ——

Sir. Bar. That's best, —— for *Full of Curtisy, full of Craft —— and fair words won't fill a Bushel.* Here then is the mark I shoot at, I come to Marry your Daughter.

Fur. Right ——

Sir Bar. You and I understand one the other, and Marriage Articles are agreed on betwixt us.

Fur. Right —— I writ you my mind to every particular.

Sir Bar. Now Sir, knowing that *Forecast is as good as Work,* I have brought the Marriage writings ready drawn, and my Attorney to see 'em sign'd and seal'd, come hither *Dash ——*

Dash. Here and please your Worship's are the Deeds that concern your Estate, and here the Marriage, Settlement, and Joynters, and so forth

Fur. Very well Sir Barnaby.

Sir Bar. This I did to prevent expences, for 'tis chargeable lying at Inns —— *A penny sav'd, is a penny got.* And I have brought my Brother and Sister, that being altogether, we may be so much the

cheaper.

Fur. They are welcome Guests, — spare for nothing that the place affords.

Sir Bar. I Love to *Be merry and wise. Enough's as good as a Feast.* And now Sir, whilst you peruse the Writings, I'll open my mind to your Daughter; we shall soon have done — *Few words are best amongst Friends.*

Fur. We'll withdraw into a another Room, and leave you to your selves. Come Gentlemen.

Greed. Look you after Joynters and Settlements ——— I'll into my Kingdom, and take possession of my new Office. I come ye Woodcocks, Pheasants, Partridges, and Quales: O ye darlings of Nature, ye tempters of the Appetite, I am coming amongst you, to hug kifs and embrace your beautiful limbs.

Sir Bar. Who does he mean?

Greed. I could e'en jump out of my Skin for joy; now will I Eat often, and give thanks when my Belly's full: For I could never remember to say Grace before Meat, in my Life.

Sir Bar. What say you Sir ———

Greed. Say ——— why I say Sir, *Store is no Sore*; and that's a better say, than *Your enough's as good as a Feast.* Chew upon that *Sir Barnaby*, till I come again. ——— (*Greed. Ex.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Barnaby, and Mrs. Jacinta.

Sir Bar. This is some prodigal Glutton, I wonder Mr. Alderman will keep him company ——— *One scabby Sheep is enough to infect a whole Flock.* But not to stand thrumming of Caps, my Wife that is to be — I am now to tell you, that since your Father and I are agreed, there only remains, that I open my breast to you in these particulars. First, as to my Person, you see it well enough, there's nothing to be disliked; nature has been sufficiently bountiful to me, I am *As frait as an Arrow*; *as plump as a Partridge*; — and as sound as a Roach. But it may be said, I am of a full Age; ——— the better for you. *Better be an Old Man's darling, than a Young Man's warling.* And be that Marries e'er he be wife, shall Die e'er he thrive. Now I found in my self an inclination to like you, the first and only time I saw you — which was last Year, when you were with your Uncle in our Country, at the Sheriff's Feast. I don't say you took notice of me.

Jac. No indeed Sir ———

Sir Bar. Hold, I don't ask you questions — because I would not give

give you the trouble of answering. Now as I had a liking to you at first sight ——— So I know you must have some inclination in nature, to think well of me for a Husband. For I observe your Eye has been upon me e'er since I came——— *Looking breeds liking*; and *Where the Eye fixes, the Heart soon follows*. So there's an end of that. Secondly, I am none of those that mind Fashions — *Wifemen invent Fashions, and Fools follow 'em*. I am rather for saving than spending, ever keeping in mind, that, *To save is Healthful, to get is Comfortable, but to spend is Intolerable*. Now my taking you for a Wife, shows what good Opinion I have of you, and that I believe you to be prudent enough, to imitate so reasonable a Husband; for without that and your Father's Three Thousand Pound, (which I would have with you) I shou'd never have Married you——— nor can I doubt you hereafter, since *A good Jack, makes a good Jill*. And from the moment I Marry you, I'll make you Mistress of all I am worth, (upon condition) you lay not any of it out, upon any occasion whatsoever.

Jac. How Sir, not——

Sir Bar. Hold again——Marriage brings the Key that unlocks a Virgin's Mouth. *Maids must be seen, not heard*. Lastly, to discover my whole Heart to you, because *Children are certain Cares, but uncertain Comforts*; and because they will cost a great deal bringing up, and moreover for that I love you so tenderly, we will get but one or two at most, and than I will forbear making you afraid, lest you should Die in Childbed, *For the Pitcher goes not so often to the Well, but it comes home broken at last*. Thus having told you all that's necessary, and finding you so reasonable, and we both so well agreed. I'll instantly acquaint your Father,——put all things in readiness to Night, be Married in the Morning according to the Old Rule,——*Happy is the Wooing, that is not long a doing*. Adieu Wife.

Sir Bar. Ex.

Jac. Two words to a bargain, the Proverb says; but he'll not allow me one.

SCENE VI.

Enter Hilaria.

Hil. Cozen, I heard all your Courtship; you have a most Sententious Lover. You'll be married to the whole Book of Proverbs.

Jac. He would not let me speak a word, but is gone away with all the presumption imaginable that I love him.

Hil. 'Tis a strange Devil.

Jac. Which way shall I divert this ridiculous marriage? My Father will hearken to nothing I can say.

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SCENE VII.

Enter to them Lovell and Careless.

Hil. Here's Mr. *Lovell*, he's the fittest person for you to consult with ——— O Gallant! who sent for you? [To Careless.]

Carel. I hope, Madam, you'll allow a man to look after his heart when 'tis gone astray.

Hil. You cou'd not find it when you saw us last.

Carel. You conspir'd to juggle me out on't; but I know well enough which of you had it.

Hil. You are beholden to Mr. *Lovell* for your knowledge.

Lov. No, upon my word, Madam: But he has told me his last Adventure.

Carel. Well, Madam, I hope you'll stand to your Bargain.

Jac. We are no Flinchers; we'll not be worse than our words.

Carel. Then I challenge you for my Mistress; you were the Lady I talk'd to in the Mask. [Careless takes Jacinta by the hand.]

Jac. I am not her I assure you.

Carel. I am well assur'd it cou'd be none but you; I knew it when I was here before, tho' I did not then own it.

Jac. Take my word, Sir.

Carel. Lord, that you shou'd think to deceive me! Why, all the while I was last in your company, my heart beat all on that side you stood, and my cheek next you burnt and glow'd ———

Hil. Ha, ha; 'slife, he has not found it out yet ———

Carel. Ha ———

Lov. No, I'll be sworn *Careless* han't you.

Carel. I'll be sworn, Madam, *Hilaria* was the person. ———

Hil. Ha, ha, ha—but that's my Cozen *Jacinta*.

Carel. No, no, no; did not you call her *Hilwias* as you went in?

Hil. & Jac. Ha, ha, ha.

Hil. I thought how well you knew, and therefore call'd her by my own Name on purpose to try you.

Carel. Ba! ———

Lov. Now *Careless* you are caught ———

Carel. I must be impudent ——— Well, Madam, to let you see that I did, go both of you out of the Room, and come in Mask'd; and if I don't choose the right, I'll be content to resign the hopes of a Mistress.

Jac. There is but right and wrong.

Carel,

Carel. To give you a greater proof on't, I'll make my choice blind-fold.

Hil. 'Twill still be an even Wager that you hit on the right.

Lov. *Careless*, you are out-witted i'faith.

Hil. Servant, our Covenant is void for Non-performance of the conditions.

Carel. But calling me Servant, after the condition is broken 'tis a confirmation——and will make it stand good in Law.

Lov. No, *Careless*, that Quirk won't do.

Carel. But, Madam, I hope you'll give a man leave to retract when he finds his Error; your self occasioned the mistake, 'twas an error of my Hand, not of my Heart, for at the same time I told you *Hilaria* was she, and you are *Hilaria*; therefore 'twas you I meant.

Hil. Yes, yes, 'twas me you meant, when your Cheek glow'd, and your Heart beat on the left side.

Hil. & Jac. Ha, ha, ha—— Cozen, you are too great a Tyrant.

Lov. You pursue your Victory too severely; 'tis Generous to give the vanquish'd Quarter.

Hil. I do more, I give him liberty to make his Retreat.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Alderman Furr.

Fur. Mr. Lovell, they want your company within——to witness the Writings. Daughter, you must go too.

Lov. I'll wait on you again presently. [*Exeunt Lovell and Jacinta.*]

Fur. Sir, as you are Mr. Lovell's friend——please to Sup with us, you shall be welcome.

Carel. Sir, I know not whither you'll tell me so when you know my business.

Fur. Pray, what may it be?

Carel. It was my fortune this Evening to have a fight of your Niece, as she went abroad.

Hil. What's he going to say?

Carel. To whom, Sir, I took so great a liking, that I cou'd not rest satisfy'd till I had found who she was; which I had no sooner done by Mr. Lovell, but engag'd him to bring me here to ask your consent to make my addresses to this fair Lady.

Hil. O, I thought he would a been a second Sir *Barnaby*, and ask'd no bodies leave but his.

Fur. Pray, who are you, Sir?

Lov

Low. Did you not know Colonel *Careless* ?

Fur. Very well—he dy'd some ten years since.

Carel. He was my Father.

Fur. Indeed ! He left, I think, some twelve hundred a-year ; but incumber'd.

Carel. He did so.

Fur. And have you that Estate still ?

Carel. Every Acre, Sir—and the Mortgage paid off.

Fur. I heard you were very wild.

Carel. I have had my Frolicks, but keep my Estate out of the Devil's Clutches.

Fur. Nay, if you were as wild as wild cou'd be, you'd meet with your Match there ; My Niece is as wild as you can be, she's vain, idle, careless and talkative.

Hil. Uncle, you shou'd do in driving a Bargain for marriage, as in selling of Horses ; tell their good qualities, and leave it to them to find the ill.

Fur. These are faults will be discovered in you at first sight.

Hil. Sir, I hope you'll like me ne'r the worse for what he says.

Fur. Instead of his getting you for a Wife, you intend to get him for a Husband.

Hil. It is more to the humour of the Age ; if you won't commend me, I'll commend my self : And if I thought but half so well of him, as I do of my self, we'd soon shake hands, to Have and to Hold, without your leave.

Fur. You see her humour, Sir ; if after this you dare venture on her, I shall not Counsel her against you, provided you make out that Estate, for I wish her well married.

Hil. Stay, Uncle : Now I think on't, you may take him with you, marriage is quite out of fashion, and I hate to be out on't as much as you do to be in't ; if he had ten or twelve thousand a year, wou'd keep me a Coach and Six, and all things suitable to that Grandeur, I might admit him as a Gallant ; and all that.

Fur. I'll leave you to her ; for at this mad rate she talks all the year round.

Hil. Now the jest wou'd be, if you shou'd play such a simple trick to fall in Love with me indeed, and indeed. [Exit Fur.]

Carel. Make your own words true, and accept me for a Gallant, I know not what may follow——

Hil. I'll push on the frolick at a venture, to see how far 'twill go ; there's my hand to kifs, and I confer on you the Title of Servant.

Carel. So, here's one hopeful young man in a fair way to be ruin'd.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

Enter Jacinta, Arabella, together ; Lovell and Durzo after.

Jac. To morow I shall be unhappy.

Arab. I pity your circumstances.

Lov. Look you Captain — there's your friend.

Carel. Come, Captain — how is't

Durzo. Why, these Towns are such places, that a man can't tell where he is, tho' both his Eyes are open. I can walk so all about my Frigate, Fore and Aft, in my sleep, between Decks, or above Deck, and return into my Cabin without waking, but here I am forced to have a Pilot to steer me broad awake.

Lov. They want one Witness more, and desire you——

Carel. Captain, I leave you in good company ; I'll be with you presently.

Arab. Who is this ?

Lov. A brave Sea-Captain—Stout and Blunt—he was Born in a Ship, and scarce knows any thing of Land Affairs.

Hil. He looks as ruff as a Storm.

Arab. I like him well ; he looks as if fighting was his business.

Jac. He's not very curious in his Dress.

Lov. Captain, how do you like these Ladies ?

Capt. Three very snug Frigats, well Rigg'd ; 'twere pity too but they were as well Man'd.

Lov. Er you come Aboard one of these—you must be new Rigg'd your self ; I must carry you to a Ward-robe.

Capt. What place is that, do they fight or Drink there ?

Lov. 'Tis a Storehouse for the Body, you must lay by this Sea habit for a Land Dress, the Ladies won't like the smell of Pitch and Tar.

Capt. Not like it ! Which of them won't like it ?

Hil. He'll beat us anon.

Jac. I begin to be afraid.

Durzo. But what do you with these Ladies here ?

Lov. Court them, Gallant them.

Durzo. What's that ?

Lov. We make love to them : You must have a Mistress now you are come ashore.

Durzo. Must I ? Which of them ?

Lov. Her you like best, Captain

Durzo. I like them all ; I am for a whole Tier of them.

Lov. Every man must have his share——make choice of her you think handfomest.

Durz. But how must a man know a handsome Woman ?

Lov. Here's a Pattern to choose by——observe : *[Shows Arabella A Forehead high and fair—Eyes black and sparkling—Cheeks plump, not by Art, but Nature painted—A Mouth little, red Lips and white Teeth ; a Pearly Portcullis to a Ruby Gate.*

Durz. That's fine.

Lov. A Chin dimpl'd ; in that little Pit a thousand Hearts lye Buried.

Durz. They are thrown in then, as fast as we heave Dead men over-board in a Sea Fight.

Hil. Well said, Captain.

Lov. A Neck smooth, fat, white, and soft as the down on Swans.

Durz. Ay, that——

Lov. Breasts hard and round, their motions pant beholders Hearts into an extasie ; they rise and fall like Waves blown up by gentle Winds.—Do but lay your hand here, Captain. *[Durzo touches Arabella's Breasts.*

Durz. O, O, feel here ! *[Durzo pulls Lovell's hand to his breast.*

Lov. Ah ! your heart beats high, we shall have boisterous weather anon — I perceive it coming.

Jac. How is't Captain ?

Durz. My heart begins to leap and play like a Porpice before a Storm.

Lov. Look you here, Captain——an Arm and Hand small, white and plump, the vaulting Blood blushing through the fair skin like a Lawn Veil spread o'er a Bed of Roses. Touch her Captain. *[Lovell puts Arabella's Arm into Durzo's hand.*

Durz. Oh, how fine it is to stroak such Limbs.

Hil. Beauty, I see, will soften and polish him.

Arab. Now tell me Captain, what do you think of me ?

Durz. As of a Woman.

Lov. Is that all ?

Durz. Why, a Woman's the finest thing I ever saw, except a Cannon Mounted, and a Ship under Sail.

Lov. Now Captain, if you like her, claim her for your Mistress : Love her, Court her, Gallant her, and do your best.——Win her and wear her ; that's fair play.

Durz. Will you give her me ?

Lov. If you can get her.

Durz. Why, I can take her up in my Arms and run away with her.

Arab. And whither would you carry me ?

Durz.

Durz. Aboard——and he that dares come to take you from me there, had as good leap into a Blazing Fireship, or kiss Thundr.

Arab. But I am no Lawful Prize, if you take me by force: By the Laws of Love you must Court me, and win me fairly.

Lov. You must get her good Will, Captain.

Durz. I thought I had her Will when I had her——but now I think on't I have been told, That a Womans Will shifts more Points than the Wind. But if she Sail any Point of the Compass, I'll hale her in I warrant you.

Lov. Well said Captain.

Arab. I'll hold you Chase I warrant you——

Jac. Have a care of Storms.

Hil. And look you don't slip your Anchor, Captain.

Enter Justice Greedy.

Grec. Come, come, here you stand Chit chat, and forget the main business of Life; Supper's on the Table and half cold. Walk in and line your Christmas Coffers, come.

Hil. Well advis'd, Mr. Justice, they that won't follow set them in the Stocks.——This is the Jolliest old Blade for Eating! His Mouth's like a Mill, always grinding——Come Servant, Usher me in handsomely.

Carel. I'll Eat and Drink to enable my self in your Service.

Arab. Captain, you shall be my Guest; you are not arriv'd to that degree yet to live by Love.

Durz. I'll take in a little Ballast, that I may Sail the Stiffer.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene draws, and discovers Alderman Furr, Sir Barnaby Buffer, Justice Greedy, Mr. Lovell, Mr. Careless, Captain, Jacinta, Hilaria, Arabella; DASH entering, shou'd in by Toby—at a distance Beatrice, Waiting.

Fur. Gentlemen, you are all welcome: Sir Barnaby, my service to you. O, Mr. Dash, where are you?——Come, take a Chair and sit down.

Dash. O Lord, Sir, I dare not presume——

E

[*Retreats.*]

Fur.

Fur. Come, come, sit down—— sit down.

Dash. At your Worship's Table! I have more Breeding; and please you, I'll Sup with the Gentlewoman, by her leave, when you have done.

Fur. Sir Barnaby, pray speak to him to sit down.

Sir Bar. Sit down—— *Better be unmannerly than troublesome.*

Dash. No offence, I hope.

[*Dash sitting down speaks to Lovell.*

Lov. No, no, sit down.

[*He sits at a distance from the Table.*

Fur. Reach him his Hat there.

Dash. Let it lye, Friend.

Fur. Reach it him, I say.

Dash. I beseech your Worship.

Fur. Put it on.

Dash. By no means.

Fur. Put it on his head.

Dash. I beseech your Worship hold me excus'd: I am a poor Scribe;

Sir Bar. Be it better, or be it worse, be rul'd by him that bears the Purse.

Dash. Your Worships are wiser than I am.

[*Dash puts on his*

Hat, and sits at a distance from the Table.

Hil. A pure fellow this, he sits as if he were afraid of the Table.

Arab. Friend, you can't reach.

Fur. Draw your Chair nearer.

Dash. I thank your Worship.

Fur. Shove it nearer the Table for him. [*Toby behind shoves the Chair nearer, and he thrusts it back as often with his foot.*

Dash. Very well, I thank you friend.

Fur. Nearer yet.

Dash. So, very well, very well; so, so, very well, very well. [*And sits with his Napkin cross his left Arm.*

Hil. Friend, My Service to you.

Dash. O Lord—— And please your Ladiship, Drink to me! [*Dash starts from the Table, and falls down on his knees, wiping his Mouth with his Sleeve.*

Fur. Keep—— keep your Seat friend.

Dash. Madam, your poor Scribe thanks you.——

Arab. Drink to me Mr. *Dash*, I'll pledge you.

Dash. Your Ladiship must excuse me; I dare not be so bold.

Mistress, my Service to you.

[*Turns round and Drinks to*

Beatrice behind standing up; she makes a Curtesy and smiles.

Beatr. Thank you Sir.

Carel. Look you, Madam, he's a very well-bred man.

Greed. Give me a Glas of VVine—— here's ado about nothing——

I am——almost choak'd with all this Ceremony.

Fur. Now fall to, Friend.

Dash. Thank your VVorship, I don't spare.

Hil. Unfold your Napkin Mr. Dash.

Dash. 'Tis very well, I heartily thank your Ladyship.

Arab. Spread it before you, you'll grease your Clothes.

Dash. I thank you kindly—— I have a Handkerchief for that.
(*Dash speaks with his Mouth full, and spreads his Handkerchief on his knee.*)

Greed. Sir Barnaby, your Ladies health to you.

Sir Barn. I thank you, Sir.

Greed. You don't Eat heartily Sir Barnaby.

Sir Barn. I am no great Supper-man.

Greed. Don't you eat Suppers?

Sir Barn. Seldom : *One Meal a day makes a Man breakby and wealsby.*

Greed. *On one Meal a day we may live, on two we may thrive, but three must make us fat.* And I say, Sir Barnaby—*Eat and be Rich, Fast and dye in a Ditch.* Come, come, *Hunger breeds Knaves : A full Belly thinks least harm.*

Sir Barn. I am for what is wholesome : *Light Suppers make clean Sheets.*

Greed. But my Grannam taught me better—*When the Belly's full the Bones are at rest : Eat nothing and Dream of the Devil.*

Sir Barn. Several Men several Minds ; I sleep best without. *Custom is a second Nature.*

Greed. Sir Barnaby, *Ill Customs are better broken than kept : If I went Supperless to Bed, my Guts would croak all Night like Frogs in a Fish-pond.*

Sir Barn. Nature is bent to its own Ruin : *Gluttony destroys more than the Sword.*

Greed. *Monstrum Horrendum ;* that men can hold Arguments against their Bellies.

Fur. How now Mr. Dash.

[*Dash rises from Table with his Napkin and Plate, and makes a low Leg.*]

Dash. I have Supp'd I thank you——and now I'll wait upon your Worship.

Fur. No, no——take his Plate and Napkin there——[*Beatrice offers to take it and he won't let her, but carry it himself to the side board.*]

Beatr. Let me set it by.

Dash. Excuse me there, forsooth, I understand better.

Enter Toby.

Tob. Here are two Women enquire for Mr. Justice Greedy.

Greed. For me ? I'll not stir from Table for no body : Can't a man eat in quiet ? I'll throw up my Commission.

Lov. O Sir, let them come in.

[*Exit Waiter.*]

Hil. If it be Justice business we may have some sport.

Greed. Call them in——Come forward, what's your business ?

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Breeder, and Mrs. Dazie, and Children.

Breed. We are come and please you, to make Oath against a person that is fled to this Town to be married, and disowns both us and his Children.

Greed. Who is it?

Dazie. One Sir *Barnaby Buffler*.

Greed. Here he is, speak to his face.

Dazie. O Sir *Barnaby*, have we found you?

Breed. Were you so cunning, to go so far from home to steal a marriage, that we might not hear on't?——But we are here to forbid the Banes.

Sir Barn. What mean you Woman?

Breed. Ah Gentlemen, wonder not at us, for this wicked Sir *Barnaby*, five years ago, tempted my honesty, and with solemn promises of marriage prevailed over my weakness, and got me with Child.

Greed. What! and eat no Suppers.

Fur. How's this!

Breed. And to encrease my sorrow,—I had two at a birth.

Greed. What, and he Eat no Suppers.

Hil. O rare Sir *Barnaby*.

Fur. Hold you your Clack Gossip.

(*To Hilaria.*

Sir Bar. An impudent Quean — I never saw her — I should not know her if I had met her in my Dish.

Breed. If I had never known you, I had never known sorrow. (*Breed weeps.*

Jac. Alas poor Woman.

Sir Bar. Mind her not, she's a quean; 'Tis no more pity to see her Weep, than to see a Goose go barefoot.

Dazie. You'll say you don't know me too, I warrant you.

Greed. What has Sir *Barnaby* been Tennant to your Copy-hold too.

Dazie. E'en so to my sorrow.

Fur. What, both!

Sir Bar. A Couple of Carryons—Ne'er a Barrel better Herring.

Greed. Come, come, here's matter for me, (*Greed. turns his Chair*
give me my Chair. *from the Table.*

Sir Bar. Ay Mr. Justice, take 'em *Coram nobis*.

Greed. I'll examine these matters according to Authority.

Breed. Tho' he won't know us, let's see if he don't know these,
come here Children, kneel *Johnny*,—kneel down little *Sarah*, ask Fa-
ther

ther blessing, and let's see if he can be so unnatural to disown his own Flesh and Blood.

Dazie. And do thou kneel Tommy, ask blessing— (*The Children all kneel down.*)
'tis Nown Daddy.

3 *Chil.* Pray Father—pray Daddy—pray Father, pray Daddy.

Sir Bar. Pray Father, pray Daddy. (*Sir Bar. sits down on his Hams, and mocks the Children.*)
Pray Father, pray Daddy.

You Jackdaw's you, hold your gaping.

Greed. Come before Justice—here you that han't told your story yet.— But first, what's your name.

Breed. Elizabeth Breeder.

Greed. And Yours.

Dazie. Sarah Dazie, and please you—

Greed. And what come you for? what's your complaint?

Dazie. And please your Worship Mr. Justice.

Greed. Speak out—

Dazie. And please you this Sir Barnaby—

Greed. Well, —but first what are you—

Dazie. I am a very honest Farmer's Daughter—

Greed. I believe it wou'd a been better for you, that you had been a Farmer's honest Daughter.

Dazie. I had been so and please you, —had it not been for Sir Barnaby.

Greed. Why, what did he do?

Dazie. He knows well enough, what was done in the great barn.

Greed. What he thrash'd you there did he?

Dazie. Here is the fruit of his labour, hold up thy Head Tommy; look you Gentlewoman, is he not as like, as if he was spit out of his Mouth?

Hil. He has his very Eyes, and the make of his Face.

Breed. And see here a pair of pretty Twins, so like the Father.

Jac. These have his Nose, his Forehead, and Chin exactly.

Fur. It cannot be deny'd, but they are pretty Children.

Sir Bar. Ye all Dream, they are neither like, nor pretty—
nor nothing. These are impudent queans.

Arab. This is an abuse to my Brother, design'd to hinder his Marriage.

Lov. 'Tis combination, Mr. Justice, take care of these baggages: Let 'em kiss the Whipping-post.

Greed. Let me alone. (*Justice goes step by step.*) Well, and you Mrs. Breeder, you say these two Children were begotten on your natural body, by Sir Barnaby, and born out of lawful Wedlock.

Breed. Yes Sir, but not without a Contract.

Greed. Well, stand you by—but hold, hold, —one question or two more. What were you when this was done.

Breed.

Breed. A Chambermaid.

Greed. And this was your Chamber practice, what, he did not Ra: with you, did he ?

Breed. Not against my Will.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Bar. They both *Lie faster, than a Dog can trot.*

Greed. Trouble not your self *Sir Barnaby*, they have both confes'd that these are bastard Children, consequently themselves to be Whores, I'll send 'em to the house of Correction.

Breed. No, I lay claim to him for my Husband.

Dazie. And so do I.

Greed. And the Whipping post lays claim to you both. Come, give me Pen, Ink, and Paper, I'll make their *Mittimus*.

Dash. Here and please your Worship, I have both. (*Dash pulls out*

Carl. Now Baggages, present, present ——— (*Pen and Ink.*

Breed. A word and please your Worship ——— (*Carl. speaks to*

Greed. Well! ——— (*Breed. and Daz.*

Breed. Here is a Collar of Brawn, which my Father sends you as a token of his respect, for your prudent moderation in this affair.

Greed. Humph — Brawn — Brawn! ——— I say you are a notorious Baggage. Rare Brawn, rare Brawn! (*Aloud.*

Breed. 'Tis ready sou'd for your Worships Eating.

Greed. Speak softly ——— abuse so worthy a Person as *Sir Barnaby*! rare Brawn, there will be no living without Justice; delicate Brawn. ——— I'll make you an example. ——— Set it behind my Chair, rare Brawn, rare Brawn!

Carl. He swallows the bribe.

Lov. The Jades act it well.

Dazie. Mr. Justice.

Greed. What, now you'll Sing the second part to the some Tune, will ye.

Dazie. My Mother has sent your Worship, this couple of fat Capons, for a present.

Greed. Dainty Birds, speak for you! hang you. ———

Dazie. She was dairy Maid to your Worship's Mother. ———

Greed. No, no, Not I ——— you are a most impudent Grumpet ——— dainty birds, dainty birds.

Dazie. They are of her own Cramming.

Greed. Softly ——— abuse such a Person as *Sir Barnaby*; dainty birds in leed! I'll swinge you both, ——— dainty birds. I am enrag'd, I shall never be able to do Justice with moderation. I'll ——— I'll ——— Ah ——— dainty birds.

Carl. Mr. Justice, being these Women are come a great way, and have small Children to provide for, were it not better to lend 'em home again, than to keep 'em here, and put the Town to charge.

Hil.

Hil. Od's life, old Sir, discharge 'em; or let me be their bail.

Greedy. Truly Sir, my Heart is mollified, I think with you 'twere best to send them back to their own Country, and Sir *Barnaby* may do well to give 'em a small Sum to bear their charges back.

Sir Bar. Hang 'em ——— Not a Crost to blest themselves with ——— e'en let 'em go *Byard on Ten-soes* for me.

Fur. Well, here's Angels a piece upon condition, they trouble us no more with this clammer.

Breed. } We thank your Worship.
Dazie. }

Greedy. Dainty birds ——— dainty birds.

Fur. And hereafter, if we find good ground for what you say, I'll prevail with Sir *Barnaby*, to allow some thing yearly for maintainnace of your Children.

Greedy. Dainty Birds ———

Breed. Dazie. Thank you Sir, ——— thank you.

Greedy. Go, go, get you gone ——— you are beholden to these Friends.

Breed. Go *Johnny* ——— go *Sarah*, you may never see your Father more, therefore ask him blessing.

Dazie. Ay, do *Tommy*, ask Father blessing too.

3 *Child.* Pray Father ——— pray Father.

Sir Bar. Bastards, Whores-birds! the Devil take ye all.

3 *Child.* Pray Father ——— pray Daddy, &c. (*Sir Barnaby runs off.*)

Breed. } Follow him Children, follow him.
Dazie. }

3 *Child.* Pray Father, ——— pray Daddy, ——— (*The three Children run after him.*)
pray Father, ——— pray Daddy, ——— pray Fa-
ther.

Hil. Ha, ha, ha, ———

Arab. Poor Infants.

{ *Sir Barnaby*
{ *and Children.* } *Exeunt.*

Carl. Hark you, hark you, Frailties; the boud of *Punch* is ready, the Captain and I will come and be merry with you for an hour ———

Dazie. We'll expect you.

Breed. Your Servant Sir.

(*Carless whispers Breed.*)

Hil. Madam, my Spark and your Captain, and *Dazie*, *Hilaria*, I suspect by that whisper are wickedly bent ——— *bearkens behind his back.*
I over heard a paw word.

Greedy. Come Gentlemen, let's deliver Sir *Barnaby* from the Philistines, and bring him back.

Carl. Ay, we'll all help, we'll drive away the Whores, I warrar you.

Hil. Will you so, we'll watch your motions ——— come Madam,

Arab. 'Tis e'en as you say——— (*Carl, Durzo, Greed.*
Greed. Rare Brawn—delicate Brawn——— *Lovel, Dash, Arabel*
dainty Birds———dainty Birds——— *beat Toby—Exeunt.*
Hil. Mr. Justice———rare Brawn, delicate Brawn———rare
Birds, dainty Birds———
Greed. You are a wag, you are a wag, Mr. *Dash*, bring the Collar
after me.

SCENE III.

Alderman Furr, and Jacinta.

Jac. You see Sir, what a Person you are going to Marry me to.
Fur This is nothing, at best, but a trick of Youth, many a Wo-
man would be glad to see so good proofs of a Man, that is to be her
Husband, mind you his Estate.

Jac. What is a Wife better for an Estate, when he's so Covetous.

Fur. Thrift will encrease it——'twill be all your Children's.

Jac. He's Jealous too.

Fur. You call that Jealousy which is prudence.

Jac. And obstinate.

Fur. Humor him———

Jac. And Conceited.

Fur. Say as he sayes.

Jac. And slovenly.

Fur. Great Wits are generally so. Do you not observe, that every
word he speaks is a sentence.

Jac. His is old fashion'd——Grand-mother Wit——he is a meer
bundle of Proverbs,——I shall have him———nick name'd
——and call'd my *Solomon*.

Fur. You are a Fool to argue so against your own good.

Jac. Besides, Sir, he's Old.

Fur. He'll Die the sooner, go——there's a salve for that sore:
Here he comes, compose your self.——

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Barnaby, Justice Greedy, and Dash to them.

Bar. These Carrions have put me Quite out of my Byass, I can
Get into my right gears again, on the suddain.

Greed.

Greed. Hang 'em——think no more on 'em.

Sir Bar. Now Father-in-law, to draw to a conclusion in our affair.

Fur. The sooner the better.

Sir Bar. And to end all in a word, for *A word to the Wife is sufficient.*

Fur. Very good.

Sir Bar. The Marriage writings being sign'd and seal'd betwixt us--

Fur. They are so——

Sir Bar. And I being to Marry your Daughter to Morrow, *For delays are dangerous.*

Fur. True.

Sir Bar. Than I may now account her as my Wife.

Fur. You may so——

Sir Bar. Than there is but one thing more remains necessary to be done to night.

Fur. What's that?

Sir Bar. Considering that she is as my Wife,——and that we are lodged here in a publick Inn——where there are some passengers already, and may yet be many more——and that Inns are subject to disturbances at any hour, it will be more for her safety and my honour, that she be this night put under my guard and protection. She shall be lodg'd in the Chamber, betwixt mine and my Brothers, where we can both of us, hear and be ready if occasion should require. *For many things fall out, betwixt the Cup and the Lip, and That may happen in a Minute, that does not otherwise fall out in an Age, and It is better to prevent a mischief, than to remedy it.*

Fur. It is so. Be it as you please *Sir Barnaby.*

Sir Bar. I do than require, that you now deliver your Daughter to me, with your own proper hand——with all your right, title, claim, and interest that you have in (*Fur gives his Daughters hand to Sir Barnaby.*)

Fur. Here Sir——

Sir Bar. Observe Gentlemen——say after me,——I deliver to you, my Daughter——&c.

Fur. I deliver to you my Daughter, (*Fur. gives his Daughters hand to Sir Bar.*)
with all my right, title, claim and interest, that I have in and to her, to be made your lawful wedded Wife.

Sir Bar. So, I love to do all things with discretion, and to make all things sure, *Fast bind, fast find.*

Jacin. A fine Bargain indeed.

Greed. You act very prudently, Sir.

Sir Bar. *A thing——once well done, is twice done.* And now Sir, you shall see how punctual I will be to you, *Dash* give me the little Paper I gave you.

Dash. Here and please you.

Sir Bar. Reach me the Pen and Ink— (*Sir Barnaby writes his name, and Greed, and Dalh, do the same. He gives it taking of the Seal.*)

So Mr Justice, pray observe ; here I subscribe my name.

Greed. Hum—m—m—hum—m—m—ah——

Sir Bar. See Gentlemen, I take off the Seal ; here Sir, I deliver you this——before Witness.

Fur. What is't ?——

Sir Bar. Read it I pray, I think 'tis right.

Fur. Reads.

I Do acknowledge to have had and received of and from Mr: Benjamin Furr, Alderman and Citizen of London, his sole and only Daughter, call'd and known by the Christian name of Jacinta, with all her Conditions and Qualities, be they good or bad, with all absolute promise, full intent and purpose, on my part, to make her my true and lawful Wedded Wife, by Ten of the Clock to Morrow-morning, being the third of May, and the Day following the Date of this present writing—In Testimony whereof, I have herewith set my Hand and Seal.

Barnaby Buffer.

Sir Bar. So, now do you two Witness it.

Fur. Reads. Witness.

*Cormorant Greedy,
Zachariah Dash.*

Jac. Was ever the like extravagance.

Fur. What can be the meaning of this Receipt, does he think I lend or sell him my Daughter ?

Greed. No matter——'tis his fancy,——it does you no hurt.

Sir Bar. Now Sir, I'll see my Wife safe up to her Chamber, and bid you all good Night.

Greed. For Bed already Sir Barnaby?

Sir Bar. Ay, Early to Bed, and early to Rise,
Will make a Man Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise.

Fur. Heaven send my Daughter to do well, —— this Receipt won't out of my mind. But come, she's Marry'd to a good Estate, and that covers a multitude of faults.

Greed. Ay, ay, well enough——dainty Birds——dainty Birds.——
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Mrs. Breeder, Dazie, and Boy.

Breed. Come, where's this bowl of Punch?

Boy. There Madam——

(*Boy Exit.*
Breed.)

Breed. } Tell me Mother, pray now do, &c.
Sings. }

Dazie. } She got Money by't, she got Money by't, &c.
Sings. }

Enter Careless, and Captain.

Carl. Merry Girls Captain.

Capt. Cheary my Mates, cheary.

Breed. Courage Caprain ——— give me your hand, I love a
 Tarpaling at my heart.

Capt. Come, let's drink about, my service to you.

Breed. My service to you! there's a sneaking compliment, you'd have
 said as much to an honest Woman.

Capt. I can't talk at your rate, but if you are for Ship shape lan-
 guage, downright drinking, or will come to grappling, I am for you.

Carl. Bid the Musick come in Ladies, the Captain has brought his
 Boats crew to entertain you with a Song and a Dance.

After the Song and Dance, Enter Greedy; Hillaria, Arabella;
in Mens Habits.

Greedy. By your leave Gallants, I am come to be merry with you,
 and have brought a couple of young Friends with me, they are going
 to Travel, to Morrow they are for *Dover*.

Dazie. They are welcome into our Cabin, I wish we had better
 entertainment.

Greedy. What, are not honest Gentlemen, handsome Girls, a bowl
 of Punch, and good Musick entertainment?

Arab. I fear we shall be uncivil —!

Carl. That you can hardly be in our Company.

Breed. Lord, these are the two prettiest Youths!

Dazie. I long for a kiss of 'em.

Carl. You may Sing, Drink, Swear, Roar, and Ruffle, and do as you
 please.

Greedy. They came of a good kind, (*Greedy: shoves 'em to the*
 they only want entering. To them Boys, *Women, they salute.*
 to 'em ——— Hollow.

Hil. By your leave Ladies.

Capt. Come, now bowze it away.

Carl. Every one his Dish. Ladies your Healths.

Hil. } Your Healths Ladies.
Arab. }

Greed. Ay, ay, about with it.

(*Sings.*

I have a thirsty Soul,
Than give me a full Boul,
And let me drink, without Controul.
In spight of the Vicar, and his dull teaching.
We'll take of our Liquor, and ne'er mind his preaching;
Let him Damn us to the Pit hole.

Capt. There's somthing in that.

Hil. Come, let's have t'other dish, Sir, to you.

Arab. And to you Captain.

Capt. Come, about Ship, all hands aloft.

Hil. Now, Sir, pledge me on this Ladies Lips, three go downs up-
on reputation.

Arab. And Captain, pledge me the like here.

Carl. Two brisk little Devils. (*They kiss and ruffle the Wo-*
Greed. I told you they were no Mongrels. *men, and whisper to 'em.*

Breed. Where will you meet us. (*Whilst the Dance continues,*
Greedy nods his Head to the Tune, Drinks, and now and
then Sings, I have a thirsty Soul.

Hil. Steal to the Inn over the way.

Arab. Bid the Chamberlain show you into Justices Chamber.

Dazie. You'll not fail to follow. (*Hil. Arab. Breed. and Da-*

Carl. What, whispering! It spoils com- *zies. whisper all the while.*
pany.

Breed. Mum.

Dazie. Enough.

Hil. I beg your pardon.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Sir, a Messenger has brought you this Letter, and stays for
an Answer.

Breed. We'll take this opportunity. (*Ex. Breed. and Dazie*

Greed. Away, away, you luscious Jades to my Chamber, mind your
Q. hum ——— Captain, my service to you ——— I have a thirsty Soul,
&c. Breed. Clap. Exeunt.

Carl. What's here, a Billet doux.

Reads.

G Allant, I know not what's the cause, but I am very Melancholy, pray
come and spend an hour or two with me, e'er I go to Bed, for I find
I have an inclination to your company, perhaps the sight of you may cure me.
Bring the Captain along with you, to divert his Lady, for she is in the dumps
too.

Hillaria.

This

This 'tis to have the company of honest Women, they presently grow troublesome.

Hil. Why Sir?

Carl. If they be of the dull sober sort, a Man can hardly get acquaintance with them, but they fall flat in love; if of a sprightly gay humour, they presently grow impertinent, and will ever be sending such notes as these to a Man, or running after him.

Hil. But is she handsome, that gives you this invitation?

Carl. Yes, hang her, she's well enough.

Hil. Than you shou'd take it for a kindness.

Carl. But I wonder Women han't the Wit to know when a Man cares for their Love, or their company; for to be sure, when he has a mind to either, he'll be coming or sending to them.

Durz. Won't you make sail towards them?

Carl. Do you think I'll leave good sociable company, for a dull honest Wench.

Arab. She'll take it ill.

Carl. I have a better Opinion of her Wit, than to think she'd desert, if she knew how the case stands——boy bid the Messenger tell her he can't find me; I'll make such visits, when I have no better company——but where are our Women.

Boy. They went out just as you began to read the Letter.

Greed. Hum——come let's mind our Punch.—— *I have a thirsty Soul*

Carl. Was this your whispering; young Squire, you don't play me fair play, you ought not to take up another Man's Dice.——And Captain, where's your Lady.

Capt. What has she set her sails too, and stole away like a Cowardly Enemy in a dark night.

Carl. Go down Boy, we'll pay below. *(Boy exit.*
Gentlemen you make too bold with us; To take one Woman from us, 'twas ill manners, to rob us of both, Mallice and ill nature.

Hil. I do it by way of reprisal, you took one from me, and we have got two from you.

Carl. I take one from you.

Hil. Yes, I have had a long Intreague with a Lady named *Hillaria*, I have followed her from *London*, and here I find you are become her Servant.

Carl. I was ignorant of any such pretensions.

Hil. I shall spoyle your Markets theretoo; and tell her that she's impertinent to send after you——and all that——and when you can find no better company, you'll come to her——and all that.

Carl. Nay, than I'll take another course with you. Come Sir. *(Draws.*

Capt. Ay, now there's some work towards, I have lost my Pinace too, which is he that I am to give a broad side to?

Arab.

Arab. I have a Sword to entertain you, as fierce as you look.

Capt. God—a mercy little Piccaroon, huzza—away with't.

Greed. Keep the peace in the King's name.——I'll steal after the Women, I am enflam'd with Punch, and they shall lay the fumes. (*Greed. Ex.*)

Hil. Surely Sir, you'll not be so Mad to fight for one you don't Love.

Carl. Look you Sir, tho I scorn to tell her so, or any of her Sex, yet I do Love her, will Love her, must Love her, and no body else shall Love her.

Hil. But I do, will, and shall Love her better than you.

Carl. Come, give me a proof on't then.

Hil. Yes, Sir, I will give you a proof on't—— (*Hil. Arab. throw of their Periwig.*)
lie there Periwig.

Arab. And mine there.

Hil. What do you think of me, now my Manhood's off.

Arab. And Captain, how do you like a Woman in Breeches?

Capt. Hey, how wind you now!

Hil. Alas poor Gallant! observe how you are cheated of your Mistresses,——ha, ha,——farewel Gallant.

Arab. And Captain stick to your bowl of Punch.

Carl. Hark you, stay——

Hil. No, Women are so impertinent, Men will come after them, when they Love 'em; Adieu. (*Hil. Arab. Exeunt.*)

Carl. Gad, they are too unconsciable to deprive us of our Women, and than to run away themselves. And now she knows I love her, she'll insult o'er me, what shall's do Captain?

Capt. I'll observe what course you steer, I'll sail in your Wake.

Carl. And those two Jades, to serve us such a trick! I thought they had some honour in 'em, but——

I find that Women are by Nature guilty,

For be they Whores, or not Whores. they will gilt ye.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lovel, and Careless.

Lov. **T**HE truth is, she play'd the Tyrant with you, but you deserv'd that, and more.

Carl. Were not the use and conversation of Women absolutely necessary for Mankind, I would forswear the whole Sex.

Lov.

Low. I know by the Constitution of your body, you'd not be able to keep that Oath long. Yet I advise you to forswear all but one.

Carl. That is, you'd have me Marry.

Low. Yes, you'd find more comfort in a Wife, than in ten Mistresses.

Carl. If what you say be true; why do most Husbands in this Age, (which I take to be wiser than any that's past,) turn away their Wives, and keep Wenches? at least, those that are so civil to live with a Wife, maintain a Mistress beside.

Low. And if it be not true, why do the great Debauchées at last, forsake all their Mistresses for a Wife? we find most of 'em Marry at the long run; nay generally they prove the best Husbands. The Reason is, they have experimented the folly of that lewd course of Life.

Carl. I had never so good an Opinion of Marriage as now, for this Dog trick; these two jilting Jades show'd me, in leaving us so in the lurch, has lessen'd 'em in my esteem, to the degree of honest Women, and now the scales are even, the first of either party that obliges me, draws it down on that side.

Low. Than *Hillaria* I hope, will turn the ballance.

Carl. If the Devil is minded to loose a Gambler, let him venture to make her and me Friends.

Low. And he will, for here she comes to work your Conversion for which end, I'll leave you together. (*Ex. Lovel-*

S C E N E II.

Enter Hillaria to Careless.

Hil. How now Gallant?

(*Careless Sings and walks about, as not much minding her.*)

Carl. O Madam: ———

Hil. You are very merry Gallant:

Carl. I have no Reason to be otherwise.

(*Sings and walks about 2 or three times, and jostle one another.*)

Why do you jostle me? ———

Hil. And why do you jostle me?

Carl. You walk in my way.

Hil. 'Tis you walk in mine.

Carl. Get farther off.

Hil. Go you farther off.

Carl. I was here first.

Hil. Than you may begun first.

Carl. I have business here.

Hil. What, to see me?

Carel. No, with Mr. Lovell.

Hil. Yes in my Conscience, you was coming to see me.

Sings and walks about Carelessly.

Carel. Now I think on't, so I was on purpose, to let you know that I am alive; for I believe you thought, I had either Hang'd my self for the trick you put on me, or had broke my Heart, with sighing for your absence, with whom I am so desperate in Love; but believe me, I have not yet broke so much as a button, and may I break my Neck when I do, either for Love of you, or any Woman living.

Hil. Yet Spark you love me.

Carel. 'Tis true, I love you well enough, because you are unlucky; and was not honesty in the case, I should love you better, but as it is, you are in a desperate condition.

Hil. Must I than despair?

Carel. You are for Matrimony, and that I hate, I can no more endure a Wife, than a standing Dish of Meat.

Hil. You think than I am in Love with you.

Carel. Think it! ha, ha, — as tho I did not know that, by your following me, up and down, what came you for after me? and for what come you to talk with me now, if you an't in Love with me? and what made you seduce the Woman from me, but that you might have me all to your self.

Hil. I vow now you put me in mind on't, I may be in Love with you; but you say my case is desperate, then desperate must be the Cure, and I must e'en resolve to be your Mistress, Wench, or what you'll call't.

Carel. That's your only Remedy — I am a Bird of Prey, and fly at all.

Hil. Nay than I am a Dead Woman still, for you'll soon take a flight from me to another.

Carel. But when I have catch'd my prey, I take my Belly full of it; I never leave it till I am gorg'd.

Hil. And will your Stomach come again.

Carel. Yes, sometimes, but generally some ravenous Fowl or another, picks up my leavings, and flies away with't.

Hil. But wou'd you have no more care of me.

Carel. My care would signifie but little; for a Man seldom finds either Money or a Woman, in the same place he left 'em.

Hil. But is it not a point of Honour amongst you Men, not to leave the Women you debauch, but if they prove Constant, to provide for 'em.

Carel. Provide for 'em! is it not enough we teach 'em a Trade, by which they may get their livings. But you will not want providing for, you have a good Portion, but if I wou'd, you your self in a short time would be for change.

Hil

Hil. Well *Careless*, we'll do nothing rashly, I'll to Bed and consult with my Pillow, and to morrow tell you more of my mind.

Carel. But let me give you this caution, be not deceived with the vain considerations of Virtue, Modesty, Chastity, Honour, Reputation, and the like, these are Bugg-words, that aw'd Women in former Ages, and still fool a great many in this. And if once these idle notions get into your thoughts, I shall give you o'er for a lost Woman.

Hil. The common practice of my Sex, may prevail much; evil example makes twenty Sinners to the black Gentleman's one. Adieu.

(*Exit* *Hillaria*)

SCENE III.

Enter Captain.

Carel. So much for her, Captain, how is't with you, you look as if you were not well.

Capt. I am not, I have a wild Fire in my Veins, my blood is a circulating flame, it spouts against the upper Region of my brain, like a tempestuous Hurricane.

Carel. By your description this should be Love; that's the disease torments you; Love plays mad wrecks, when first it enters a breast and finds resistance.

Capt. Love!

Carel. Yes, Love like the small Pox, as any seldom escape it, so the more dangerous it is, when it comes late.

Capt. I don't know, but I have had strange turmoils and combustions in my fancy e'er since your friend gave me that description, and show'd me the Lady; I have been looking for her.

Carel. See she's under sail, she'll be up with you presently.

SCENE IV.

Enter Arabella.

Arab. Captain, — what execution have my Eyes done — are you in Love yet?

Capt. You have fir'd your upper Teer, you have pepper'd me with small shot.

Carel. Yes, Madam, he's furiously infected with Love, but can you tell him how to cure his Disease.

Arab. To cure Love, he must look for Love again.

Carel. There's encouragement for you ——— bear up close, speak to her Captain.

Capt. I could speak better to the great Guns of an Armada, whose Oratory is nothing but Fire and noyse.

Carel. Board her to rights, briskly.

Capt. If I was but once master of her Forecastle.

Carel. That's easy, she's leaky Captain, ——— she's leaky.

Capt. Than she'll founder anon.

Carel. Madam, afford him your hand; so now I have brought you to grappling, I'll vere off, and give you Sea room, get clear of one another as you can.

(*Ex. Carel.*)

SCENE V.

Enter Captain and Arabella.

Capt. Can you Love?

Arab. Yes Captain.

Capt. Me; by the North Star, say but that word, and this Sword, if you command, shall Unpeole half the World, (*Draws his Sword.*) to give us and our Progeny Elbow-room. Discharge but that word from your Mouth, and Command me to still Tempests, to split Rocks in a sunder. Lady, do but feel the weight on't; see is't not an excellent blade?

Arab. I have no great skill.

Capt. Feel, has it not a brave edge, and what a point is here!

Arab. 'Tis dangerous meddling with edge Tools, pray put it up.

Capt. Have you any Enemies? if you have ———

Arab. No Captain, put it up.

Capt. Will you Love me then?

Arab. I Love not danger; any thing but killing.

Capt. Did you never see one kill'd?

Arab. No.

Capt. No! had you but been with me in our last Engagement, you might have seen a fight, that would have made a Coward in love with Death. There you'd have seen our Enemies bear up in a half Moon, exposing to our view, the terror of their wooden Castles, the Mouths of their great Guns, which were made to swallow Iron Morfels, that might lie heavy upon their Stomachs, till they were disgorg'd in our Faces.

Arab. Fau ——— fau ———

Capt. We, with Topsails out, Flags and Streamers flourishing in the Wind, and Trumpets sounding, unite our force; than like Thunder fall

fall in amongst them ; there like the Sons of Terror, we are seen in Clouds of Fire and Smoak, The Slaughter now begins——

Arab. Hold good Captain.

Capt. We play at Tennis with Iron balls, and Death comes whistling by our Ears, Heads take Fire in their Brain pans, and burst in sunder like Granadoes, scattering the wild Fire of their Brains in their fellow Soldiers Faces.

Arab. You fright me horribly.

Capt. Other Heads, fly from one Ship with the Bullets that saluted them, to visit their friends in another. Limbs like Langrel-Shot, mount, scattering in the Air, and hands that could not reach their Enemies before, now flie into distant Vessels, to give their Foes a box o'the Ear ; other hands grasping their Swords, clear a whole Deck in their flight.

Arab. What shall I do !

Capt. We are now in a confusion, the Fire-ships flame, and their half Moon is divided——into blazing Stars.

Arab. O quarter, Captain, quarter !

Arab. Some burn, the Men leap over board, and drown themselves to save their lives ; other Ships real drunk, with the Sea brine, and at last sink to the bottom, to follow these brave Men, who fought in 'em, with as much Courage, as they drank.

Arab. Have you yet done ?

Capt. The Flags and Pendants.

Arab. Yet more——

Capt. That hung wantonly playing in the Air, now on the Decks lie stian'd in blood, and their tant Masts are brought by the Board, and lie on their Hull's as in Coffins.—— how like you it, is't not brave ?

Arab. I am almost Dead with fear.

Capt. I thought you valiant ; did not I see you draw your Sword.

Arab. In Land matters I am Couragious, but in Sea affairs a meer Coward ; their very terms are Bullets to me, I would not hear such another relation——

Capt. Not hear ! can you fear when I stand by ? my voice is gentle, but I have somthing that can speak lowder to your Enemies, see——

Arab. What's that, a Pistol ?

[*Captain shows a Pistol.*]

Capt. 'Tis the spawn of a Cannon, a little spit-Fire Devil.

Arab. Pray Conjure him down again.

Capt. Frighted at my voice ! you shall hear what a brave Language this speaks.

[*Captain cocks it, and shoots it off as he goes out, and just as Sir Baw enters.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Sir Barnaby, in an extravagant Night dress. Sir Barnaby looking in, Arab. runs off squeaking. Captain shoots off the Pistol just by Sir Barnaby, who falls down.

Sir Bar. What noise is this?

Arab. Ah!

Capt. Gon————— I'll after her, and give her another salute.

Sir Bar. Murder————murder, help.

Enter Dash.

Dash. Oh! Sir, what's the matter?

Sir Bar. I am shot, I am shot.

Dash. Shot Sir!

Sir Bar. I am shot, as sure as a Gun, I am shot.

Dash. I don't see you bleed.

Sir Bar. It may be the Bullet stops the hole, and won't let the blood come out.

Dash. Shall I run for a Surgeon ———

Sir Bar. But where, *All is not in band, that helps.* Look honest Dash, and see what I ail.

Dash. Please your Worship to stand up——

Sir Bar. What! before I know whether I am kill'd or not.

Dash. I see no signs on't——do you feel any hurt, do you think you are kill'd?

Sir Bar. Dash. I think I don't feel any, but Thoughts are deceitful; look, look, *The Stander by sees more than a Gamester.*

Dash. It has mis'd you, Sir.

Sir Bar. *Then a Blot's no Blot till it be bit.* I durst have sworn I had been kill'd, for he shot me down as flat as a Flounder: But all is not lost that's in Danger. And give a Man Luck and throw him into the Sea.

Dash. Did your Worship see no Body?

Sir Bar. Who e'er it was, they thought *One pair of heels worth two pair of Hands;* they ran for't, *As if the Devil drove 'em.*

Dash. Will not your Worship follow 'em.

Sir Bar. Let 'em go, *Make a golden Bridge for a flying Enemy.* 'Tis Wisdom to keep out of harms way. Take the Candle, let's see if all be safe here, and that the noise has not waken'd *Jacinta*, then we'll to Bed again.——Ha——her Door is open——what can the meaning be at this time of Night——Dash, look in and see, if any body be there, whilst I compose my self——hum——hum——I had like to have Paid for my peeping.

Dash.

Dash. No Sir—there's no body. (*Dash, with the Candle goes in Sir Bar. It's good to be sure, let's us go in then, Seeing it believing Sir Barnaby, Dash, goes in.*)

S C E N E VII.

Enter Justice Greedy, in Night-gear, Mrs. Breeder, Mrs. Dazie, half undrest, he peeping in first, as from his Chamber

Greedy. Surely I heard talking—but al's whist—Here, here, you may venter out.

Breed. Is any body stirring.

Greedy. Not a Mouse——

Dazie. I heard a noise e'er since we went to Bed.

Breed. So did I.

Greedy. It may be the Cook is stirring —— I charg'd him to call me before day, for I am Overseer general of the Kitchen, besides my Stomachs up, and I can lie a Bed no longer.

Breed. I swear, Mr. Justice, I shall have a better Opinion of a Man that has a good Stomach, as long as I live, for your sake.

Greedy. Ay, ay, *Good at Meat, good at Work.*

Dazie. You are a brisk old blade, to venter on two at once.

Greedy. I begin to grow Old, but the time was, when I cou'd have been frolikfome with two and two, my Girls—but hark, the House is up——I hear the chopping Knives at work upon the Dressers——they'll be coming to call me —— slip down stairs and get into some by Room, and make your selves ready there.

Dazie. I see light at the bottom of the stairs, we can't go down yet without being seen.

Breed. Than we'll in here again.

Greedy. No, no, here, I feel a door open——this is some room that no body lies in.

Dazie. Where——

Greedy. Here —— here —— In —— in —— so —— now I'll into my Chamber, make my self ready, (*Greedy put them two in to Sir Barnaby's room, and Eat a good Breakfast, a quart or two of good Egg Caudle, will be a necessary recruit after this nights undertaking.*) Ah Whores, brisk dainty Whores. (*Greedy. Exit.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Recenter Sir Barnaby and Dash.

Sir Bar. Ah Madam *Jacinta* ! is it so, out of your Bed at this time of Night.

Dash. O Lord, Sir, there's another random shot. (*A Gun goes off without, and a loud squeak*

Sir Bar. We'll retire into our Castle then——(*They both retire into and keep out of harms way. Forewarn'd, Fore-arm'd. Jacint. Chamber.*

S C E N E IX.

Enter Arabella running, followed by the Captain, holding a Pistol in his Hand, which he puts in his Coat-pocket. Careless, Lovell, Hilaria, Jacinta.

Arab. Ah ——

Capt. Sure she'll love me anon.

Carel. I told you Madam, you should see sport.

Jac. How you tremble Madam !

Arab. O the Captain's in his hot fit, and I am in my cold ?

Hil. What has he done to you ?

Arab. Frighted me horribly ; he has not spoke a word, but was as terrible, as the roaring of Cannon.

Jac. The Captain wou'd be a rare Physician to cure Ladies of the Ague——if fighting 'em can do'r.

Lov. What was you doing Captain.

Carel. Only saluting his Mistress.

Capt. Right, I gave her a Gun, that's Sea Courtship.

Lov. Your complement was very loud——you shou'd first have given her a fair summons to surrender, and seen if she'd have yielded upon Parley. Did you think to take her Heart by storm, as Man do Towns ?

Capt. It was more like a Souldier.

Carel. But not like a Lover, Love is a gentle passion——but Madam, admit him again into your service——he will forget he is a Soldier, and turn Courtier for your sake.

Arab. No, let him still retain his valour, but not express his Love, in such terrible Rhetorick.

Capt.

Capt. I know not how to Court you in a Silken phrase, but if down right reality will do it, I'll be your friend both board and lar-board.

Arab. Than Captain, out with all your Sails, top and top-gallant, you shall be my Lover.

Hil. Well perform'd, Madam.

Arab. Whil'st I my Heart under your conduct steer,
No Coasting Pyrate, Lovers I, nor Rovers fear.

Hil. Well, now Lovers I think 'tis time for you all to be at rest, but my Couzen here, I pity at my Heart, to morrow is her execution day; and I dare swear, she had rather 'twere for Hanging, than Marrying.

Jac. O *Hilaria*! that word has damp'd all my mirth, I had else gone to Bed again, with some pleasure, for the Captains courtship had quite put to morrow out of my thoughts. But 'tis late—— I'll bury my cares in my Pillow—— and trust all to providence.

Hil. I'll bear you company this Night as a friend do's an acquaintance, that's to be trust up the next morning; and all the time we can't sleep, we'll Sing no other Letany, than —— From an old overgrown-Looby, and from Sir *Barnaby Booby*——goodness deliver thee. Good night Servant——

Carel. Good night, unluckiness. (*Exeunt Jacinta, and Hilaria, into their Chambers. Exeunt Lovell, Arabella, at another Door.*)

Lov. Arabella, I'll see you to your Chamber.

Arab. Good night Gentlemen.

Capt. *Bonos noches, bonos noches.* I think it's now time for us to turn in too.

(*As soon as Jacinta and Hilaria went off, they return back squeaking, as frightened.*)

Carel. But now I think on't, what's become of our two Whores, must we give 'em o'er so.

SCENE X.

Enter Sir Barnaby, with a Man's Suit of Cloaths in his Hand, and Dash.

Jac. } Ah—ah——
Hil. }

Sir Bar. Your Whores Gentlemen! here are your Whores.

Jac. How Sir *Barnaby*!

Sir. Bar. Ha, Madam *Jacinta*—— I find you are a Canary-bird——out of your Nest, at this time of Night.

Hil.:

Hil. Whores, said the Beast.

Sir Bar. No better nor no worse, are these trappings fit for a Ladies Chamber? there has bren *Rantum scantum doings* within, the Bed's turn'd *Topsy Turvy*, Men's Cloathes and Women's, thrown *Higeldy Pigeldy*; whilst some are at it, *Helter skelter, arsy versey, band over head*, and the Devil and all.

Capt. What a Pox is all this — I am a shark, if I understand one syllable of what he sayes.

Carel. Sir *Barnaby*, is this fit language for you to give Ladies, in Gentlemens Company?

Capt. What does he affront the Ladies — have at his main-top — I'll shatter his Tackling. (*Captain draws.*)

SCENE XI.

Enter Justice Greedy.

Carel. Hold Captain —

Greedy. What's here? Civil Wars, and homebred Combustions — keep the Peace.

Carel. Put up Captain.

Dux. Affront the Ladies — I'll rake him from stem to stern.

Greedy. Keep the Peace in the King's name.

Carel. Forbear —

Greedy. Sir *Barnaby*, what's the matter?

Sir Bar. The matter is, that *Old Birds won't be caught with Chaff*. Mr. Alderman, I thank you for your fine Daughter; but you shan't find, Sir *Barnaby*, the Man you take him for, *Some wiser than some*. Yet: And you Mrs. *Jacinta*, that look'd *As harmless as a Devil of two Years old*; and *As demure, as if Butter would not melt in your Mouth*, were you to be Married in the Morning, and could not forbear playing at leap frog o'er Night. Your servant, your servant —

Greedy. Hold, Sir *Barnaby*, a word with you, Sir *Barnaby*. (*Dash. Ex.*)

Carel. If this should fall out so luckily now to break of the match. (*Greedy. runs after Sir Barnaby.*)

Hil. With a little good management it may.

Carel. We'll all help it forward.

Greedy. O — O —

SCENE XII

Enter Sir Barnaby, Mrs. Breeder, and Dazie. Sir Barnaby goes off as to his Chamber, and turns back hastily, and o'erthrows the Justice that was running in after him.

Sir Bar. Whose there——whose there——

Breed. }

Dazie. } Sir Barnaby, Sir Barnaby.

Carel. What's here, new discoveries.

Dazie. Sir Barnaby, what makes you flee from us.

Breed. What made you Sir Barnaby rise so early, and leave us in Bed by our selves?

Greed. Rare Whores——strike that nail home. *Greed. aside to the Sir Bar.* Whores——Jades——Carrions——*Whores.*

Hil. In my Conscience, Sir Barnaby has pick'd up your two Mistresses.

Dazie. Gentlemen, You beat the bush, and he catch'd the birds.

Breed. Ladies, you see old Love cannot be soon forgot.

Sir Bar. Queans——Gypses——Baggages——

Dazie. Sir Barnaby, Madam,——had not disown'd us last night, but that it was upon his Marriage, and before you.

Sir Bar. Ye Harlots——ye——Strumpets——I'll have you whip'd and flead.

Greed. O that's too much Sir Barnaby,——you have given 'em Correction already.

Carel. What, Sir Barnaby, in Bed with two at once——Higledy Pigledy.

Jac. No better,——nor no worse——

Capt. Was this his rantum scantum.

Hil. To be Marry'd in the Morning——Sir Barnaby and play at leap frog o'er night.

Omn. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir Bar. Rest you merry, *Let them laugh that win.* Hey Chamberlain, Chamberlain——*Dash,* call to the Hostler, bid him saddle my Horse, and let the Boot-catcher bring up my Boots, I'll begon at peep of Day.

Dash. Yes, and please your Worship.

(*Sir Barnaby Exit.*)

Greed. Hold Sir Barnaby, be not in such haste.

Carel. Let him go——let him go.

Greed. No, that must not be——his going may spoil a good Dinner, at least, I'll persuade him not to go till he has Din'd.

Well, you Idacious Jades you——I'll remember your Christmas boxes for saving my credit so handsomly——get you down into the Larder, I'll give you a rare Breakfast.

(*Ex. Greed.*)

Breed. We'll meet you there ——— your Servant Ladies.

Dazie. Your Servant Gentlemen (*Breed. and Dazie. Exeunt.*)

Carel. Look you Madam — who would not Love such honest wenches ——— how ready they were to do a Man a good turn,

Hil. Servant ! I'll allow they have a great deal of good nature — for they are for doing every Man's turn as well as yours.

Carel. That's Malice, and ill nature in you ———

Hil. I'll grant you any thing at this time, because we'll not loose the opportunity of doing my Couzen a piece of service,

Carel. We'll find out *Lovell* ——— tell him the whole business, and concert with him, how matters shall be manag'd.

Jac. In the mean time, we'll retire into our Chamber.

Hil. Let that be the place of Rendezvous.

Carel. Come Captain. (*Careless, Captain, Exeunt together. Jacinta, Hilaria, another way Exeunt*)

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Barnaby, Mr. Alderman Furr.

Sir Bar. **T**hen you heard nothing of all these fine doings last Night,
Fur. No, Sir.

Sir Bar. Nor you did not hear the Pistol go off ?

Ald. No.

Sir Bar. Lady, you slept like a Dormouse, and I wonder that you being so sound a sleeper — your Daughter shou'd be so wakeful to leave her Bed at midnight.

Fur. But *Sir Barnaby*, are you not mistaken in what you told me.

Sir Bar. Look you Sir, *Truth may be blam'd, but never sham'd.* I could give you farther proof if occasion serv'd. But *Truth is not to spoken at all times.*

Ald. Yet it concerns you to speak, and to prove what you speak, this is no jesting matter.

Sir Bar. Well than, *O'er shoes, o'er boots.* And *In for a Penny, in for a Pound.* Whee ——— ho ——— *Toby.* (*Sir Bar. whistles for Toby.*)

Enter Toby, and Greedy after.

Toby. Here, Sir.

Greedy. I'll resign my Office, I'll resign my Office.

Fur. What now !

Greedy. I'll resign my Office, if I been't better obey'd.

Fur. What, are you frantick ?

Greedy. I would make me frantick, and stark mad, were not I a Justice of Peace, and *Coram* too, which this rebellious Cook] cares not a straw

straw for; there are a dozen of Woodcocks.

Fur. Pray put your self into the number, and make 'em a Baker's dozen.

Greed. I am contented, so they may be drest to my mind; he has found out a new device for sawce, and won't drest them with Toasts and Butter. I had rather loose my Commission, than suffer't.

Fur. Let 'em be drest as you will, go in and trouble us no farther.

Greed. Well, I'll go, Woodcocks without Toasts and Butter, by the Lord Harry, I'll ne'er suffer't. (*Greed. Ex.*)

Sir Bar. Now *Toby*, speak neither for favour nor affection, *But tell truth, and shame the Devil*, what did you tell me you saw last Night?

Toby. Having occasion to rise in the Night, to go down (and please your Worship,) as I came in again, I perceived two young brisk Sparks Dance up stairs before me, they parted in the Gallery, and one of 'em went tap, tap, at Mrs. *Jacinta's* door, which presently open'd, and in he went. Thought I, this is some guest that has mistaken his Room——I crept softly, and peep'd in——whip went off his Hat—and whip went off his Coat——thus half undress'd threw himself within the Curtains, and cry'd, my Dear——Dear *Jacinta*; and there they hug'd and kiss'd, and hug'd——till the Bed shook like an old barn, in a windy day.

Sir Bar. Hum!

Tob. At length says Mrs. *Jacinta* (whose voice I knew,) come, come, to Bed my Dear, and don't get Cold; so I will reply'd t'other, wee'll to kifs and hug all this Night, my Dear, Dear, for you are to be Married to Morrow.

Sir Bar. And——and what followed?

Tob. Then the door was lock'd on the inside. I sat me down, resolv'd to watch till Morning——but before day light, out they came, and surprising me there, took me for a Spy, and a listner, and discharged a Pistol at me, just as my Master open'd his door it mist me, down stairs I scatter'd, they after me——but I ran into the Orchard, and hid my self in the Pear-tree.

Sir Bar. Hang him that has ne'er a shift.

Fur. And you both heard and saw a Man in my Daughter's Chamber.

Tob. As I told you, upon my Corporal Oath.

Fur. But——

Re-enter Greedy.

Greed. Well, never was the like of such a fellow.

Fur. Are you interrupting us again!

Greed. Mr. Alderman, what do you think?

Fur. I think, you'll do very well to be gone.

Greed. Nay, but pray hear me——

Fur. I will hear nothing.

Greed. Well then—I take your silence for consent, I'll e'en commit this sawcy Cook. I'll sign a Warrant for him forthwith.

Fur. Let me tell you Mr. Justice you do very ill to trouble us, when we are upon serious business?

Greed. Why, Mr. Alderman, there's as lovely a Cods-head, as ever Eyes beheld, and how do you think this Rogue of a Cook is going to dress it.

Fur. As he shou'd do your Head, cleave it, and take out the brains.

Greed. What's the matter Mr. Alderman, you are e'en as Chollerick as the Cook? what say you Sir *Barnaby*——will it do well——a Cods-head without Shrimps.

Sir Bar. Sir, *We have other Fish to fry at this time.* You had as good go from whence you came, for here you will be but *Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire.*

Greed. Well, I'll try t'other bout with the Cook, and if I can't fadge, I'll discreetly sit me down and cry for vexation, for my passion must have vent——a Cods head without Shrimps, O monstrous!

Fur. Friend, what manner of Man was this person, you saw in my Daughter's Chamber. (*Greedy Exit.*)

Tob. I did not see his Face——for his back was to the Door all the while——but a brisk youngster i'faith.

Sir Bar. Now I have given you sufficient proof, restore my acquittance, and take back your Daughter——*Even Reckoning, makes long Friends.* And so *Merry meets, merry part.*

Fur. I'll give one Proverb for your two, *One tales good, till another is told.* Therefore I'll not close my account with you, till I have spoken with my Daughter.

Sir Bar. *You have paid me in my own Coyn.* Reason is Reason, all the World over. For be that Judges, must hear both parties. But pray dispatch, for I stand upon Thorns.

Fur. It will be necessary, that you, who are her accusers, shou'd go with me to her.

Sir Bar. *A guilty Conscience needs no accuser,* however we'll go, tho' we *Shall be as welcome, as Water into a Ship,* for I know she'll look at us, *As the Devil lookt over Lincoln.* (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E II.

Enter Greedy, and Cook.

Greed. No Shrimps! a Cods-head without Shrimps!

Cook. Yes, Sir, a Cods head without Shrimps, is as good as a Justice head, without Brains.

Greed. I tell you Cook, you are sawcy.

Cook. I tell you Mr. Justice, you are Jack in an Office.

Greed. I shall lay you by the Heels.

Cook. Than, I Jack Sawce, the Cook, will bast your Worship, as I bast my Meat.

Greed.

Greed. To strike a Justice of Peace, is Petty Treason, *Edwardi quinto*. But for spoyling of Dinner, I'd send you away presently, and commit you without Bail or Mainprize.

Cook. For all that——keep out of the Kitchen, which is my Dominion, or I will scall'd you without measure, and without mercy. Why sure Mr. Justice, I can dress Dinner without you, hau——

Greed. The Rogues as Chollerick as a roasting Lobster——I must give him good words, or *All the fat will be in the Fire*. Well honest Jack Sawce, do as thou wilt——why should old Friends fall out——give me thy hand.

Cook. I Love your Worship with all my Heart.

Greed. Dost thou? prethee than let there be Shrimps to the Cods head——dear Sawce, honest dear Sawce.

Cook. Why: so there is Sir——

Greed. Is there——what made you and I quarrel then?

Cook. You wou'd not have patience till it came to the Table.

Greed. Thou say'd true——come prithee let's go see how matters are in the Kitchen.

Cook. Kitchen me no Kitchen, if you can be quiet, things will be done well enough.

Greed. Give me thy hand once more——thou art an honest Fellow,——thou sayst there shall be Shrimps than, ha; shall there?

Cook. If you speak Sir, one word more——

Greed. I - a - done - I'll bring thee a bottle of Sack into the Kitchen.

Cook. And I'll relish't with a plate of pickled Mushrooms.

Greed. Honest Cook! honest Jack Sawce, no Shrimps! in my Conscience, 'twould have broke my Heart

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Enter Lovell; Captain, a little after.

Lov. So far all goes well, my Brother resolves to quit the Field—but now to work the Alderman—that he may not suspect a Contrivance, that's the difficulty——let me see——

Capt. Mr. Lovell! yes, 'tis he—soho—whose within?

Lov. Are you here Captain? (*Lov. stands as in a study, Captain enters.*)

Capt. That's a Lovers question right——e'en let your Eyes answer you——but I thought you had not been at home. Your body look'd, as if had been forsaken by your Soul. Whirlwinds take this Love, it has——made a fool of me too; when I am spoken too, I am thinking of Ladies; my wits and senses are gone a rambling, like Seamen gotten a shoar, in their long boar.

Lov. Your friend gave you fair warning not to fall in love.

Capt. There's the Devil on't, I know not how it comes about—well, believe me, tho' Women look like Angels—there's witchcraft about 'em; for if a Woman does but fetch the long heave, with lifting up her Head, and bending in her Back, two little—round—white—plump—pouting Devils pop up before, which put such a glowing heat into my veins, that my blood in a moment grows too hot for it's Channels, and I could o'errun a score of 'em.

Lov. You are transported at the very thoughts of Women.

Capt. I am now in one of my fits——that I had but half a dozen Ladies in

in my great Cabin! how I'd rummage them together, I'd make 'em smoak again.

Lov. If you are so hot, take a walk in the open Air to cool you.

Capt. That won't do——if we were going to engage, perhaps the loss of a Leg or an Arm, might abate my Fever.

Lov. Your distemper is so rooted in you, that you must loose a Leg or an Arm for every handsome Woman you see, or you'll not be througly cur'd.

Capt. Say you so, than I'd endure it still, and try what time and chance will do.

Lov. But how go squares 'twixt you and your Mistress?

Capt. Well remembred, she sent me this Letter e'en now by her Maid; I wanted somebody to read it to me.

Lov. Can't you Read?

Capt. No, I am a Sea-Captain, the Sea breeds Soldiers, but not Schollars: 'tis out of my Element.

Lov. You shall hear it then.

Reads the Letter.

M*y Roaring Boy, I can Love no longer at your fierce rate, my Heart is bound under another Convoy, give Chase to a fresh Mistress; I am sailing after a new Rigg'd Gallant, and now bid you defiance. So a boon Voyage to you Captain, and farewell.* Arabella.

Capt. What, turn'd Renegade?

Lov. Short warning this!

S C E N E IV.

Enter Arabella Hillaria.

Capt. See, she's not out of my Hemisphere. I'll give her Chase.

Lov. They tack about to us.

Arab. How dejected my Lover looks now I have taken away his Commission.

Hil. Captain, what think you of Love? *Capt.* As of folly.

Arab. Is't not a fine pastime? *Capt.* Yes for Fools.

Arab. What think you of Women? *Capt.* As of light Sailors.

Hil. Arab. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. That shot Captain, hit 'twixt wind and water.

Capt. Or, as of Ships that are crank for want of Ballast, to's'd about with every wave, and cannot be steer'd in any true course?

Arab. Hil. Ha, ha, ha.

Capt. Do you play with my Anger; Am I so tame to be laugh'd at? sure I have seem'd more terrible, when with this Sword, I have lop'd off Limbs, strow'd Decks with Carcases, turn'd Fleets to floating Hospitals, sent Navies to their Ports to cut down Masts, and hew the Timber of their scattered Vessels into wooden Legs and Crutches, to under-prop the Cripples they brought home. Love, halt thou disarm'd my looks of Manhood?—phew—with that gale begone.

Hil. Arab. Ha, ha, ha.

Hil. Captain, Love is still in Port, he went not out with that strong puff.

Lov. No, Love has not yet weigh'd Anchor.

Arab. Captain——you have a qualm yet in your Stomach, you are either Sea-sick, or Love-sick still.

Hil. But Captain——if you have really done with Love and Women——

let

Let us know your thoughts of both in good earnest, what is Love ?

Capt. A Sea, a dangerous Sea, where Wind and Tide are still contrary : Men are the Barks that venture out, whose ruins still its Waves conspire.

Arab. And what are Women in this Ocean ?

Capt. Pyrates, that rob us of our hearts, *Laplanders* that give us a fair wind to leave safe Harbors, and when we are out at Sea, make it swell to a Tempest to drown us. I have out-rid the Storm, thanks to my lusty Vessel, and now being gotten safe in Harbor, can look back and say—Yonder I had like to have been wreck'd.

Lov. Well said, now you have given them a whole Broad-side.

Arab. For all that, I see he's but a fresh-water Lover yet : Now you think your self past danger, you are in greatest peril to be Cast away—what think you if that Letter which rais'd this Tempest, was but a Plot to—see how my Lover cou'd bear the loss of his Mistress ?

Lov. What wind do you call this ?—By what Point of the Compass will you steer now ?

Capt. I think I had best make what haste I can to come up with stern of her.

Arab. That it was so, here's my hand on't. [*Arab. and Durzo takes hands.*]

Hil. 'Tis very true, this Plot was but to try your humour.

Capt. Why then, we'll put out to Sea once again, and my heart shall run the risk with yours in all Adventures.

Arab. Captain, I strike sail to you.

You now with Triumph in Love's Ocean steer,
Calm is the Sea, and from all Pyrates clear.

Lov. The Conference is broke up, here comes *Careless* and my Brother : Get you two in—Now Captain, for our management.

Capt. Let him come.

[*Atabella and Hilaria Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Sir Barnaby, Careless and Furr.

Sir Barn. You see your Daughter is so confounded at one Evidence, she scarcely had confidence to deny't ; for a guilty Conscience needs no Accuser.

Fur. I am sorry you had the trouble to come so far for so little purpose ; but excuse me—I cannot forbear grieving at a Childs misfortune.

Sir Barn. Children are certain Cares, but uncertain Comforts. Now ; Sir, remember that Giff Gaff is an honest man ; You have your Daughter, give me my Acquittance. So the man has his Mare again and no hurt done.

Fur. 'Tis Lock'd up in my Chamber, but I'll fetch it you : To commit such extravagance the very Night before her marriage, what madness possesseth her !

[*Exit Fur.*]

Carel. Sir Barnaby, you intend then to begon.

Sir Barn. As soon as I can get my Boots on.

Carel. Without marrying Mrs. Jacinta.

Sir Barn. She has spun a fine thread ; e'en let her brew as she bak'd.

Carel. Who do you think shall marry her, now you have defam'd her ?

Sir Barn. He that was with her last Night, if he please : Evening Ors are good Morning fathers ; but for my part, I am not so hungry to lick another man's dish.

Carel. But Sir Barnaby, you are the man must make her reparation, you have

have traduc'd me and defam'd her—the scandal brings an aspersion on the whole Family that I seek to contract alliance with, for her Cozen *Hilaria* is the person I pretend marriage to; for all offences therefore against her—her Family and my self—from you I challenge satisfaction.

Sir Barn. What do you mean by satisfaction?

Carel. Here before your Brother and the Captain, I require that you first deny all you have said against the Lady's Honour. Secondly, that you make it your request to marry her.

Sir Barn. Bate me an Ace of that, quoth Bolton.

Carel. You must, Sir.

Sir Barn. I have brought an old House upon my head; Eat my words and marry her. Two words to that bargain.

Lov. No, Sir, the last I deny; tho' I believe nothing in prejudice of *Jacinta's* Honour, how e'er unhappy circumstances make him think so, yet till he is convinc'd to the contrary, he cannot in Honour, nor must not Marry her.

Capt. Must not! ——— he must, and shall or———

Sir Bar. Must is for the King.

Capt. I say must——— unless I spring a Leak, and sink forty Fathom deep under the Earth. *Sir Bar.* Who so bold, as a blind Byard.

Carel. Captain, forbear.

Sir Bar. I have brought my Hogs to a fine Market, this will be *The Devil upon Dun*;

Carel. I am glad you are so far a favourer of our cause, to believe *Jacinta* innocent. *Lov.* I do.

Carel. But since her Honour and the Family's cannot be held without this Marriage; I press him to that point, tho' at the same time, I direct my Sword against the Brother of my Friend, and even against my Friends own breast, for I am sure the Captain won't stand idle.

Capt. Tho' I am not so skill'd in Love, I hope I shall do my part at this sport.

Sir Bar. This mends like fower Ale in Summer.

Carel. I think we are all ready.

Lov. Draw Brother.

Sir Bar. Hum——— humh———

Carel. Come let's not loose time.

Lov. Draw Brother, draw.

Sir Bar. Umh, What's worse than ill luck.

Lov. What's the matter.

Sir Bar. My Sword with riding, is grown rusty in the Scabbard. (*Sir Bar.* of-

Carel. Let me see't *Sir Barnaby*——I'll warrant you, *fers to draw his Sword.*

Sir Bar. Fair and softly. Trust my Sword in an Enemies hand! *Whose's the fool than.* *Carel.* Cry you mercy. (*Pulls to get the Sword out.*

Sir Bar. Ay, Cry you mercy, kill'd the Cat.——umh humh.

Lov. Let me see't——Gentlemen with your patience, I'll speak two words aside to my Brother.

Capt. Dispatch, dispatch——— the winds fair.

Sir Bar. What a pox——— *No such bast, to bang true Folk.*

Lov. Let us not ingage in an ill cause, if we can help it.

Sir Bar. I am content to let it alone, tell 'em 'Tis good to have Wit is ones

Anger. *Lov.* But you must repair the Ladies Honour.

Sir Bar. But I'll not take a Lease of her for life, to be bound to repair, when all the damage has been done by the Tenant at will.

Lov.

Lov. Upon my Life and Conscience, I think her very innocent and virtuous—
Be not abus'd by fond suspicions.

Sir Bar. One may see light at a little hole.

Lov. I am confident——she'll make a good Wife.

Sir Bar. A Vessel will smell of the first Liquor. Once a Whore, and ever a Whore.

Lov. I have done——we must e'en fight it out, (*Lovel draws the Sword.*
there's your Sword. You tremble.

Sir Bar. It's a little Cold this morning methinks. *Lov.* Cold!

Sir Bar. May come it early, come it late, it will make the Cow to quake.

Lov. Since you are afraid, rather than your Honour shall be expos'd —— I'll make one Proposal——and let you see, I perswade you to nothing, that I would not do my self——Gentlemen, my Brother cannot Marry the Lady, because his Opinion it not reconcil'd to her Honour; but I have other thoughts of the fair *Jacinta*, and believe all in her prejudice to be mistakes; therefore if she'll accept me for a Husband; I am ready to do her Justice.

Carel. I confess you being both of a Family, and *Sir Barnaby's* Brother, your Marriage gives sufficient Satisfaction.

Sir Bar. Ay, *Any Tooth good Barber*, as the case stands with her.

Carel. But your Estate is not half *Sir Barnaby's*.

Sir Bar. There's a spoke put into the Wheel again.

Lov. The whole comes to me, if he die without Issue.

Sir Bar. There, *He has hit the right nail on the head.*

Carel. He may Marry, and have Children.

Sir Bar. That *Puts his Nose out of joynt* again.

Carel. Yet I'll undertake, let but *Sir Barnaby*, add to your Six Hundred a Year, four more out of his Estate, during life. And Mr. Alderman shall accept the Change.

Lov. Come Gentlemen, then let's decide the matter thus: I know my Brother won't be forc'd to any thing.

Sir Bar. No, *All things for Love, nothing by force.*

Carel. What say you *Sir Barnaby*?

Sir Bar. I say Sir, I won't be forc'd by any body——nor to any thing——I'll sooner loose a thousand Lives.

Capt. Well said, old boy; come bowze it away.

Carel. Come then, Sir, you and I——

Sir Bar. Nay, Sir, be as angry as you will——I'll speak what I have to say first, and I tell it you to your Teeth, I will not be forced, and yet out of Love and natural affection, to my Brother——and because he likes the Gentlewoman, his fancy shall not be baulk'd. Therefore I will give four Hundred a Year upon that Condition, whether any here will or nill, and let me see who'll say me nay. I can be as chuff as any of you.

Carel. I beg your pardon, *Sir Barnaby*; then friendly we embrace, and here let all resentments vanish. *Capt.* What then, do we strike our Flag——

Lov. Dear Brother, this honourable act surprizes me.

Capt. No Fighting amongst us, Zounds, aboard a Ship, we had had as many Bullets e'er this, as here has been words.

Sir Bar. Captain, *You need not be so Crusty, you are not so hard bak'd.*

Capt. That's a Land term, now, that I don't understand.

SCENE IV.

Enter Furr, Hillaria, following him.

Hil. Uncle—— Uncle, have you any work for a Tinker. The Parson has staid this hour, and has nothing to do—— must he be gone, or will you have him stay to say Grace at Dinner?

Fur. Let him take pains with you, you want Grace.

Hil. Right, I am not come to't; Uncle, and you are past it, else you'd not be so easily seduc'd to believe *Sir Barnaby Retchub* there.

Fur. *Sir Barnaby*, here's your Acquittance—— I wish the next Lady you Court, may have better luck.

Carel. Mr. Alderman, *Sir Barnaby* still retains so great a respect for your Daughter, that if you'll accept Mr. *Lovell* for her Husband, he offers to settle on him, four Hundred a Year, additional Estate, out of his own, during Life; and you have a prospect for it all hereafter. *Fur.* Will he!

Sir Bar. Yes,—— no offence I hope—— I will—— *What's freer then gift.*

Hil. Now do I hope my Uncle will refuse the offer—— and give me all his Money when he Dies, to vex his Daughter.

Fur. Rather then you shall see a Groat on't, I'll give it to Hospitals, which is the worst use a Man can put his Money too; for the Poor are always cheated on't. Mr. *Lovell*, I have all I can desire, which is to see my Daughter well disposed off; for your sake I'll add some Hundreds to her Portion—— for my Heart is now so much lighter then it was.

Lov. Sir, I'll study to deserve your kindness. And Brother yours——

Hil. Lord, Uncle, that you shou'd do all this to spite me.

Sir Bar. What you do, do with a Jerk, *For I'll pack up my Aulls and begone.*

Carel. You'll stay and Dine with us, *Sir Barnaby.*

Sir Bar. Ay, ay, *Prayer and Provender, ne'er binder a Journey.* While you order your matters, *Dash.* shall draw a short Article for *Memorandum.*

Lov. Then I'll go offer my self at *Jacinta's* Feet, and ask her consent.

Carel. Sir, now I have done you a piece of service (*Sir Bar. and Lov. Ex.* please to do me a small kindness in requital. *severally.*

Fur. Sir, I must acknowledge your friendship; what is't?

Carel. To use your Authority with your Neice, and keep her up; for I can be no where, either about my business, or taking my recreation, but she presently comes and disturbs me, she was the occasion of all last Nights bustle.

Fur. Nay if there's any mischief towards, she's at the end on't I warrant you

Hil. Ay, but hold Sir, I was at the beginning of that, as you'll hear hereafter.

Carel. You see how 'tis Sir—— If you don't take some speedy course with her, I must be forc'd to leave this Town, to avoid her Company.

Fur. Pray take her along with you, and you'll free me of a great trouble, for she has been my vexation some Years.

Hil. 'Tis true, that Gentleman and I have been a little troublesome to one another; you know he came to sollicite me in the way of Matrimony, which I don't much approve of; for it makes Folk's fall out. The first Day of Marriage is the last Day of Love. I lik'd him well enough for a Gallant, and

if he wou'd have accepted of me for a Mistress, or so ; we might have sadg'd a while, but he had a foolish scruple of Conscience, nothing wou'd serve him but Marriage, and so away came I, this is all Uncle.

Capt. I shall never learn to know at Land, whether they are in earnest, either in talking or fighting.

Fur. If you will have my Opinion in the case, you were cut out, one for the other ; and 'tis pity two Houses should part you. Therefore if she'll agree to your desire, or you conform to her's, 'tis all one to me, you have my consent to either. All I ask is, that you'll make an end quickly, that I may be clear of her Company.

Hil. Then, Sir, you may either go to *London*, or stay in the Country, if you please, without danger of being troubled with me ; for I absolutely declare against Marriage ; and if nothing else will serve your turn, you may go when you will, where you will, and do what you please ; I'll have nothing to say to such an unreasonable Man as you are.

Carel. To convince you Mr. Alderman, that what she says is not true, but that on the contrary, I am for having her for a Mistress, and she is for being my Wife : Mr. *Lovell*, and the Captain, and all that know me, can witness, I have continually rail'd against Marrying.

Fur. Well, I'll leave you to decide the matter betwixt your selves. (*Fur. Ex.*)

Capt. Yes, yes, I have heard you forswear Marrying, and drinking too ; yet I catch you dabling in the Punch bowl next day.

Carel. Now Lady, if you are not for what I propos'd, you may e'en live a Maid, and Die a Fool, or live a Fool, and Die a Maid ; your Epitaph shall be the same.

Hil. I except against your Sex for Witnesses, as byast. But rather than such a lyiny Man as you shall have it, my Maidenhead and I will Live and Die together, be buryed both in a Grave, that you may be chief Mourner at my Funeral. So farewell you Matrimonial Fop. *Carel.* Pray——

Hil. No, there's a Wedding going forward within, and I would not loose the diversion of that silly fight, to hear all you can say. (*Hil. Exit.*)

Carel. Come Captain, we'll go see how scurvily it looks in others, that it may be a warning for us, to avoid it too. But this I'll say,

If for a Wife my liberty I loose,

This is the Girl must catch me in the noose.

Cap. Carel. Ex.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mr. Justice Greedy.

Greedy. Send away Dinner——send away Dinner, there a pox upon them all for loytering Rogues, why don't you send Dinner away, I must e'en sit me down, for I am almost spent with running and bawling after one and another.

Enter 1 Innkeeper.

1 Inn. Lord, Sir, you have no patience, here's a noise, as if the great Bell rung out for the Towns being on Fire, and your Tongue was the Clapper.

Greedy. It must Ring out, when my Belly Rings Noon ; the bak'd Meats run out, the Pottages boyl o'er, and the Roast'd will be dry'd to Powder.

1 Inn. Who can help it——Sir *Barnaby* himself gave order for Dinner to be ready by Eleven of the Clock, the Clock has made all hast possible. They

within are at better for worse—the words are not quite out of their Mouths yet : why, your Worship is a Man of no moderation ?

Greed. Well, well, they have done by this time, — good host, see it be sent to Table, my Spirits are almost spent. *1 Inn.* It shall, Sir, it shall.

Greed. Bid my Clark be ready to attend me. *(Innkeeper Exit.)*

1 Inn. Yes, Sir.

Enter Dash.

Greed. Oh, Mr. *Dash.* ——— has the Parson done the jobb.

D.sh. Yes, Sir.

Greed. What a sudden change of affairs is here, this good Dinner was provided for Sir *Barnaby's* Wedding Dinner ——— and is now serv'd up for Mr. *Lovel's* Bride, and all falls to his share.

D.sh. Much good do him with her, that has her ; I am glad Sir *Barnaby* mist her.

Greed. But what do I prating here, when Dinners going up.

Dash. Gamminy Sir, how you are garnish'd out, as if you were to be serv'd up for a standing Dish — more for ornament, than use ——— let me help you off with your Cloak. Some body has pin'd a dish clout to your back.

Greed. Whose Roguery was this, the Cooks or the Boys ; I'll have 'em all to the whipping post, for abusing a publick Magistrate.

Dash. Look you Sir, they have pin'd a dish clout to your back, and the Cape is stuck with staring Feathers ——— like a French hen.

Greed. Help me ——— they'll have din'd else before I come.

Dash. Sir. Mr. Alderman sent me to acquaint you, that a Lord, and a Coach full of Ladies ——— of his acquaintance, Just now are come into bait, whom he could not but invite to dine with him ——— therefore makes bold with you as his special good friend, the Table being but little to have a a Cloath laid in another Room.

Greed. How, not dine within, after all my care!

Dash. Sir, he desires you to see Dinner sent up in good order, and me to attend at Table. Your Worship may for once dispence with your Magistracy, and sit with me and the waiting Gentlewoman ; I don't like Dineing amongst great Gentry, 'tis not mannerly to fill one's belly before 'em.

Greed. Well, there shall not a Dish escape me ——— and now I think on't, I can there take my own time ; and gorge at leisure.

Dash. So Sir, you may now put on your Cloak ——— only take a view of your Hat, that Cock's Tail in't makes you look like a City Train-band Captain.

Greed. Would I knew whose Roguery it was.

Dash. Look you Sir, here's the first Dish come from the Table already.

Enter 1 Boy with a Dish.

Greed. Prithee go and call my Clerk to me.

(Dash Exit.)

Hold, hold, you Sir ——— whether go you with that ?

1 Boy. To the Kitchen, Sir.

Greed. No, no, set it down here ——— So ———

Enter 2d Boy with a Dish, and sets it down.

Ay, ay, and you there ——— here, here ——— set it down here ———

2 Boy. The Dogs will come to't there.

Greed.

Greed. Go Knave, go, what serve I for?

2 Boy. Indeed, Sir, they will. *Greed.* No, no.

1 Boy. A Greyhound, as I came a long, chop'd a great Mary-bone out of my Dish, and ran away with it.

Greed. Send him to me then: I'll lay the Dog by the heels. (*Sets the Dish down.*)

2 Boy. Come Tom.

(*Boys Exit.*)

Greed. Let me see, what's here—O—the Toasts and Marybones: Marrow's a delicate food; the very Quintessence of the Ox—it Oyls the Chops rarely—and makes Dinner go glibly down.

Enter Dash and John with two Dishes.

Greed. You Sir, come here—*John*, set your Dish down too—we'll not trust any thing into the Kitchen till we have Din'd, the Rogues there will be Liquorish and light Finger'd.

Dash. Your Worship speaks discreetly.

(*Exit.*)

Greed. I know the tricks of Servants—*John*, where's the Cloak-Bag?

(*Exit John, and enter again with the Cloak Bag.*)

John. Just here Sir.

Greed. Let me see—that's a Pottage—this a Dish of Scotch Collops—this a Frigacy of Chickens—well relish'd on my word; this fellow, Sawce, were an excellent Cook was he not so cross and cholerick. Hold the Bag, *John*, is there a clean Napkin in it?

John. Yes Sir.

Greed. 'Twill stand us in use now: Let me see, suppose we put in two or three Marybones—Ay, they are full—remove the Dishes into the next Room there, and as I send the rest into you, put in some of the best of every thing, but not so as to unfurnish quite the Dishes.

Enter Dash with a large Dish.

Dash. Sir, here's the Venison Pastty scarce touch'd.

Greed. Let me see't—O rare—carry't in there.

(*Dash Exit,*

0 rare, fat Venison; ay, there's a substantial Dish, the *into the By-room.*

Glory of England—Mr. Dash!

Re-enter Dash.

Have they almost Din'd?

Dash. Yes Sir.

(*Dash Exit.*

Greed. *John*, *John*, put in a good deal of the Pastty, cut off a lusty corner; take the fattest of the Venison; and do you hear me, a swinging deal of Pudding Crust.

Enter 1st Boy and 2d with Dishes.

1st Boy. Sir, must we set these down here too? (*The Boy snatches out of the Dish a Lobster, and runs; Greedy after him; in the mean time the 2d steals a Pheasant, Greedy after him, and tumbles down top of one the other; the Boy gets away with.*)

Greed. Ay, ay, *John*, *John*, take in these things here—Ha! are you at your Legerdemain?—Stop Thief, stop Thief.

1st Boy. A Pox of your Clutches.

Greed. Hey, another Felon—Sirrah, Sirrah, come here—Come here Sirrah.

2d Boy. O murder! murder!

Greed. Sirrah let go, 'tis Felony, thou'lt be hang'd else: Call in the servants, make fresh pursuit—send Hue and Cry after the Rogue.

Enter John.

John. What's the matter Sir?

Greed.

Greedy. O that Villanous Boy has murder'd me, he's run away with a Pheasant. *John,* and this Leg is all that's left of the Lobster. O never will my Belly forgive my hands, that could not hold it. — Here, put this Leg of the Lobster into the Cloak-Bag — bring it forth, and let me see how thou hast stor'd it. — Oh these unlucky Bastards, I am almost swelter'd — (*John brings in the Cloak bag.*) Let me see what's this. *John.* Some of the Pasty.

Greedy. Ay, well — but what hast thou done here? (*Puts his finger into the bag, and licks twice or thrice.*) What's this Pottage — Pottage —

John. Yes Sir — there's a good deal of it in —

Greedy. Oh Rogue! Villain! put Pottage into my Cloak-bag!

John. 'Tis very good, 'twill do no hurt I warrant you.

Greedy. O Nonidentical Ass — thou hast spoil'd all: O what do I suffer, the Lobster broken, the Pheasant gone; how many afflictions befall me in one day. Here, lead me into the next Room; I'll sit me down and sigh till my heart breaks, for surely I can never survive all this.

John. Pray, Sir, have patience.

Greedy. No, no, my stomach's gone with vexing. I am a dead man, I shall never eat again. — There, there — bring in the Cloak-bag, and my Cloak with it. Oh. —

(*Exeunt. John carries off the Cloak and Cloak bag.*)
S C E N E VIII.

Enter Mr. Alderman Fur, Sir Barnaby, Lovell, Captain Careless, Jacinta, Hilaria, Arabella, Mrs. Breeder, and Mrs. Dazie.

Fur. I am glad our Guests are gone. — Now, Mr. Lovell, I wish you much joy with my Daughter — may you live happy together.

Sir Barn. So do I, but marry in haste and repent at leisure.

Lov. The marriage seldom knows repentance where both parties are pleas'd.

Sir Barn. *Alas well that ends well;* I say, the proof of the Pudding is in the Eating. So rest you merry.

Carel. *Sir Barnaby,* two words ere you go; 'tis not convenient you should depart under the scandal of a Licentious Bastard-getter, therefore that you may go with as clear a reputation as you came, I declare these two here were set on by some that I know, to bring you in disrepute with Mr. Alderman and his Daughter. — Farther they confess, that the old Justice shifted them out of his Room into yours this morning by accident. So you are clear'd from two scandals, and three Children, at once.

Dazie & Beed. All this we own.

Sir Barn. Well said: *When the Friar's beaten then comes Jack.*

Hil. Look you Sir, these are the Clothes you found in my Cozens Chamber, which we borrow'd of those two young Youths that came down with us yesterday in the other Stage-Coach, and are going into France with their Governor to Travel; these we put on out of a frolick. I undress'd in her Chamber; and I was that little Fornicator that so kiss'd and caress'd her in her bed. This Uncle, I hope, will ease your mind, and reconcile *Sir Barnaby* to the Bride's reputation.

Sir Barn. *Tittle Tattle, give the Goose more Hay.*

Carel. Nay, Sir, the Captain and I are Witnesses to this matter.

Sir Barn. *Ask my fellow if I am a Thief.*

Fur.

Fur. 'Tis like enough, my Niece is seldom without an unlucky frolick.

Sir Barn. Then she's like *Goodyears Pig*, always doing mischief.

Hil. We—we—we—— *Omn.* Ha, ha, ha——

Sir Barn. I shall meet some of you either at *Hedge or Stile*——and so let them laugh
that win.—— (*Exit Sir Barn.*) *Omn.* Ha, ha, ha.

Hil. *Sir Barnaby*, *Sir Barnaby*, remember *Waltoms Case*——Farewel *Frost*——

Lov. I'll see him mounted for his last kindness. *Exeunt Lovell and*

Arab. I must bid him farewell too. *Arabella.*

Fur. I am glad he miss'd my Daughter; I like neither his person nor humor.
Come, now I'll lead you the way in——we'll have the Musick and be merry.

Hil. Hold, hold, Uncle; you are for rising from Table before Dinner's done.
here's another Course yet to come up: The Parson must say Grace once more.

Carel. Lead on, Sir; pray lead on——here's a Plot upon me.

Hil. Come, come, *Careless*, ne'er halt before a Cripple.

Carel. O Madam, you are a dangerous Person, I dare not trust my self with
you alone. *Fur.* Niece, what say you to me?

Hil. It comes just now in my mind that I have lost my Bedfellow, and now
my Cozen is marry'd I know not what to do, for I vow I dare not lye alone.

Carel. O no, 'tis dangerous; for after seeing marriages, and a new married
Couple put to Bed together, as strange dreams and fancies will be apt to run in
your mind, as after seeing Executions and dead People; and who knows what
a taking you may be in i'th' Night, and what strange fits you may have.

Hil. O Sir, do you begin to come about; wou'd you beat off others that
you may be my Bedfellow your self? I perceive now that you are for having
a Wife.

Carel. I for a Wife!

Re enter Lovell and Arabella.

Hil. Madam, you come just in the nick of time, to see a poor distressed Dam-
sel throw her self away——Well Sir, give me your hand, rather than lye a-
lone to Night I'll do any thing.

Carel. I knew 'twou'd come to this.

Hil. I will be your Wife; and since I can't have a Gallant before marriage,
I'll do like other Wives, and have one after. And now I think on't too, a
Husband's very necessary to keep off a scandal; and besides, what Children the
Gallant gets, the Husband must keep.

Fur. You are like to have a hopeful Wife.

Carel. I can be even with her there. — Look you Madam, you can bring me
none to keep but what are my own; and if you expect I shou'd be a Father
to all your Children, I expect you shou'd be a Nurse to all mine, and I may
have 'em brought home to me on all sides; for I intend to be a great getter,
and the Father of many. Is it a bargain?

Hil. It is: Here, lewd Fellow, here's my hand on't, Heav'n send thee good
luck, for I shall be a plague to thee as long as I live.

Lov. This is fair play on both sides.

Hil. This 'tis for folks to meet that understand themselves. Captain, what
think you of this?

Lov. He's in a deep Contemplation of Love too.

Durr. Yes, and this is the very thing I love.

Arab. Let not such idle thoughts trouble your head, I am almost weary on't my self.

Durz. Say you so?

Arab. Yes, you and I will be friends for all that, such a trifle as love shall break no squares. So Captain, tack about to the next.

Durz. But by your leave, 'tis more honorable to stand into rights than to make a tack, and say and sing the Devil's head off. I will judge of Love by the Rules of Honor; therefore sink or swim, I'll bear up close with you.

Carel. Well said old Buccanier.

Arab. I like a man of resolution well; then here's my hand, my trusty Tar-paulin, you shall find me no flincher neither. And now Captain, we are sailing out of the Haven of Love into the Tempestuous Sea of Matrimony.

Durz. So, at last I have gotten the Weather-gage of her, and now I'll lay her thwart the Harfer and Board her to rights.

Hil. Now Uncle, pray Con o'er our Agreement, for you are to be Sammon'd for a Witness upon occasion.

Fur. It is like to be a fine marriage.

Lov. Yes, if it go on as you begun.

Carel. You shall see our marriage (which you think clap'd up out of a frolick) go on more chearfully than yours made out of stark Love and desperate Affection; we, like two Birds, tho' we Roost together at Night, will have our freedom all day, and fly chirping about, whil'st you, like two Domestick Animals, coupled too close together, shall still be snarling and biting one at another.

Hil. And we have the trouble every now and then to part you. Mark the end on't.

Carel. Mrs. Breeder and Mrs. Dazie, your good service shall be rewarded; let none of your Function think they have lost me because I am married, I am enter'd into matrimony but not into bondage.

Hil. He has, as it were, but one Mistress the more. — Lead away Uncle.

Whil'st other Wives and Husbands scold and Rant,

We two will live like Mistress and Gallant.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

From Elbow Chair i'th' Pantry I am come,
To see what you are doing here; make room.
So heartily I slept after my Labor,
My Nose did louder Musick make than Pipe and Tabor.
My Dreams presented me a Bill of Fare,
Of sumptuous Meat and Dainties that were rare:
I wak'd with joy, and to my comfort find,
Three Couple here in Bonds of Wedlock join'd.
Three days we'll Feast, a day for every Pair,
And each days Management shall be my care:
We'll have our swinge of Mirth, let nothing cross it,
For ev'ry Bride I'll provide a good Sack-Possiet,
With grated Naples-Bisket made, and yolks
Of new-laid Eggs, Salacious Food for marry'd Folks:
It shall be rich with Ambergreese and Pounded Pearls,
Which shall provoke a Race of lusty Boys and Girls:
A Bridal Cake for each one too to Munch on,
And every Guest shall have a lusty Luncheon.
All that are here for Guests I do invite;
We'll treat the first, the second, and third Night;
With all the choicest Dainties I will feed ye:
Now, ambrosial Feast, with all the Justice Grand,

